THE HOWE READERS

A FIFTH READER

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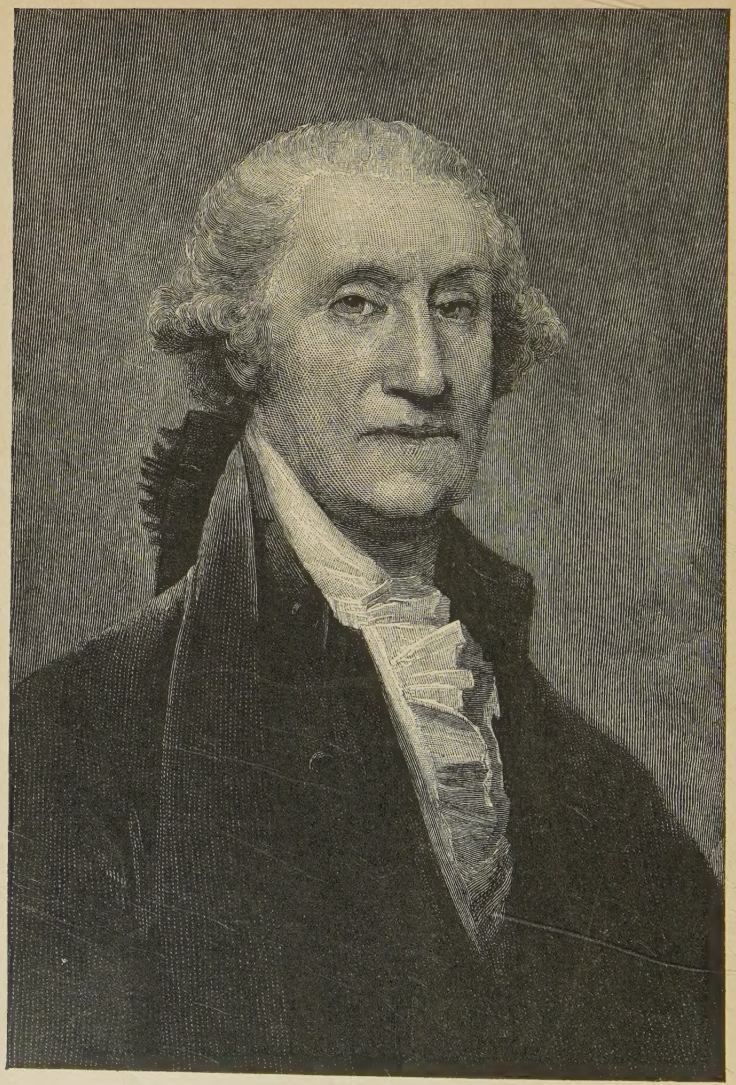

G. Washington

THE HOWE READERS

A FIFTH READER

BY

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PREFACE

This series of reading books has been prepared in accordance with a definite and unified plan. Each volume has its own place in the series and has led naturally to the succeeding book. The Fifth Reader comprises selections taken from the best writing available for the young, in the belief that the boy or girl who is prepared to use the book should be assisted to exercise a surer judgment in the selection of his reading and to appreciate in some measure the characteristics of style.

In preparing the Fifth Reader the editors have continually kept in mind the interest of boys and girls and have carefully surveyed the best literature with a view to the selection of material which is entertaining and inspiring. The list of authors contains the names of those who have had the largest part in writing the great books of the world. Every selection has its special interest and purpose,—now the appeal to one's self-respect, now the love of nature, of country, of home, the theme of brotherhood, the supreme worth of the common everyday virtues. Following the usual custom, the authors have abridged the selections when, for pedagogical reasons, it has seemed desirable to do so.

As the best literature makes a distinct moral appeal to the reader, it is evident that the subtle influence of such selections as this book contains will help boys and girls to live more happily and helpfully.

The notes give a few facts concerning the various authors and furnish suggestions for additional reading.

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THE HOWE FIFTH READER

PHAETHON

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Once upon a time, the reckless whim of a lad came near to destroying the earth and robbing the spheres of their wits.

There were two playmates, said to be of heavenly parentage. One was Epaphus, who claimed Zeus as a father; and one was Phaethon, the earthly child of Phœbus Apollo. One day they were boasting together, each of his own father, and Epaphus, angry at the other's fine story, dared him to go prove his kinship with the Sun.

Full of rage and humiliation, Phaethon went to his mother, Clymene, where she sat with his young sisters, the Heliades.

"It is true, my child," she said. "If you have any doubt, go to the land whence he rises at morning and ask of him any gift you will; he is your father, and he cannot refuse you."

As soon as might be, Phaethon set out for the country

of sunrise. He journeyed by day and by night far into the east, till he came to the palace of the Sun. It towered high as the clouds, glorious with gold and all manner of gems that looked like frozen fire, if that might be. The mighty walls were wrought with images of earth, and sea, and sky. Vulcan, the smith of the gods, had made them in his workshop. On the doors blazed the twelve signs of the Zodiac, in silver that shone like snow in the sunlight. Phaethon was dazzled with the sight, but when he entered the palace hall he could hardly bear the radiance.

In one glimpse through his half-shut eyes, he beheld a glorious being, none other than Phœbus himself, seated upon a throne. He was clothed in purple raiment, and round his head there shone a blinding light, that enveloped even his courtiers upon the right and upon the left,— the Seasons with their emblems, Day, Month, Year, and the beautiful Hours in a row. In one glance of those all-seeing eyes, the sun-god knew his child; but in order to try him he asked the boy his errand.

"O my father," stammered Phaethon, "if you are my father indeed,"— and then he took courage; for the god came down from his throne, put off the glorious halo that hurt mortal eyes, and embraced him tenderly.

"Indeed, thou art my son," said he. "Ask any gift of me, and it shall be thine; I call the Styx to witness."

"Ah!" cried Phaethon, rapturously. "Let me drive thy chariot for one day!"

For an instant the Sun's looks clouded. "Choose again, my child," said he. "Thou art only a mortal, and this task is mine alone of all the gods. Not Zeus himself dare drive the chariot of the Sun. The way is full of terrors, both for the horses and for all the stars along the roadside, and for earth, who has all blessings from me. Listen, and choose again."

And therewith he warned Phaethon of all the dangers that beset the way, the great steep that the steeds must climb, the numbing dizziness of the height, the fierce constellations that breathe out fire, and that descent in the west where the Sun seems to go headlong.

But these counsels only made the reckless boy more eager to win the honor of such a high enterprise.

"I will take care; only let me go," he begged.

Now Phœbus had sworn by the black river Styx, an oath that none of the gods dare break, and he was forced to keep his promise.

Already Aurora, goddess of dawn, had thrown open the gates of the east, and the stars were beginning to wane. The Hours came forth to harness the four horses; then Phaethon looked with exultation at the splendid creatures, whose lord he was for a day. Wild, immortal steeds they were, fed with ambrosia, untamed as the winds.

As the lad stood by, watching, Phœbus anointed his face with a philter that should make him strong to endure the terrible heat and light, then set the halo upon his head, with a last word of counsel.

"Follow the road," said he, "and never turn aside. Go not too high or too low, for the sake of heaven and earth; else gods and men will suffer. The Fates alone know whether evil is to come of this. Yet if your heart fails you, as I hope, abide here, and I will make the journey as I am wont to do."

But Phaethon held to his choice and bade his father farewell. He took his place in the chariot, gathered up the reins, and the horses sprang away, eager for the road.

As they went, they bent their splendid necks to see the meaning of the strange hand upon the reins,—the slender weight in the chariot. They turned their wild eyes upon Phaethon, to his secret foreboding, and neighed one to another. This was no master charioteer, but a mere lad, a feather riding the wind. It was a holiday for the horses of the Sun, and away they went.

Grasping the reins that dragged him after, like an enemy, Phaethon looked down from the fearful ascent and saw the earth far beneath him, dim and fair. He was blind with dizziness and bewilderment. His hold

slackened and the horses redoubled their speed, wild with new liberty. They left the old tracks. Before he knew where he was, they had startled the constellations and well-nigh grazed the Serpent, so that it woke from its torpor and hissed.

The steeds took fright. This way and that they went, terrified by the monsters they had never encountered before, shaking out of their silver quiet the cool stars toward the north, then fleeing as far to the south among new wonders. The heavens were full of terror.

Up, far above the clouds, they went, and down again, toward the defenceless earth, that could not flee from the chariot of the Sun. Great rivers hid themselves in the ground, and mountains were consumed. Harvests perished like a moth that is singed in a candle flame.

In vain did Phaethon call to the horses and pull upon the reins. As in a hideous dream, he saw his own earth, his beautiful home and the home of all men, his kindred, parched by the fires of this mad chariot, and blackening beneath him. The ground cracked open and the sea shrank. Heedless water nymphs, who had lingered in the shallows, were left gasping like bright fishes. The dryads shrank, and tried to cover themselves from the scorching heat. The poor

earth lifted her withered face in a last prayer to Zeus to save her if he might.

Then Zeus, calling all the gods to witness that there was no other means of safety, hurled his thunderbolt; and Phaethon knew no more.

His body fell through the heavens, aflame like a shooting star; and the horses of the Sun dashed homeward with the empty chariot.

Poor Clymene grieved sore over the boy's death; but the young Heliades, daughters of the Sun, refused all comfort. Day and night they wept together about their brother's grave by the river, until the gods took pity and changed them all into poplar trees. And ever after that they wept sweet tears of amber, clear as sunlight.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

—SHAKESPEARE.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

ROBERT BROWNING

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,—"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect —
So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through —
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

THE THEATRE IN OUR BARN

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

"Now, boys, what shall we do?" I asked, addressing a thoughtful conclave of seven, assembled in our barn one dismal, rainy afternoon.

"Let's have a theatre," suggested Binny Wallace.

The very thing! But where? The loft of the stable was ready to burst with hay provided for Gypsy, but the long room over the carriage-house was unoccupied. The place of all places! My managerial eye saw at a glance its capabilities for a theatre. I had been to the play a great many times in New Orleans, and was wise in matters pertaining to the drama. So here, in due time, was set up some extraordinary scenery of my own painting.

The curtain, I recollect, though it worked smoothly enough on other occasions, invariably hitched during the performances; and it often required the united energies of the Prince of Denmark, the King, and the Grave-digger, with an occasional hand from "the fair Ophelia" (Pepper Whitcomb in a low-necked dress), to hoist that bit of green cambric.

The theatre, however, was a success, so far as it went.

I retired from the business with no fewer than fifteen hundred pins, after deducting the headless, the pointless, and the crooked pins with which our doorkeeper frequently got "stuck." From first to last we took in a good deal of this counterfeit money. The price of admission to the "Rivermouth Theatre" was twenty pins. I played all the principal parts myself — not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment.

At the tenth representation, my dramatic career was brought to a close by an unfortunate circumstance. We were playing the drama of William Tell the Hero of Switzerland. Of course I was William Tell, in spite of Fred Langdon, who wanted to act that character himself. I would not let him, so he withdrew from the company, taking the only bow and arrow we had. I made a cross-bow out of a piece of whalebone, and did very well without him.

We had reached that exciting scene where Gessler, the Austrian tyrant, commands Tell to shoot the apple from his son's head. Pepper Whitcomb, who played all the juvenile and women parts, was my son. To guard against mischance, a piece of pasteboard was fastened by a handkerchief over the upper portion of Whitcomb's face, while the arrow to be used was sewed up in a strip of flannel. I was a capital marksman, and the big apple,

only two yards distant, turned its russet cheek fairly towards me.

I can see poor little Pepper now, as he stood without flinching, waiting for me to perform my great feat. I raised the crossbow amid the breathless silence of the crowded audience — consisting of seven boys and three girls, exclusive of Kitty Collins, who insisted on paying her way in with a clothes-pin. I raised the crossbow, I repeat. Twang! went the whip-cord; but, alas! instead of hitting the apple, the arrow flew right into Pepper Whitcomb's mouth, which happened to be open at the time, and destroyed my aim.

I shall never be able to banish that awful moment from my memory. Pepper's roar, expressive of astonishment, indignation, and pain, is still ringing in my ears. I looked upon him as a corpse, and, glancing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

Luckily poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but Grandfather Nutter, appearing in the midst of the confusion (attracted by the howls of young Tell), issued an injunction against all theatricals hereafter, and the place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this would have been the proudest moment of my life if I had not hit Pepper

Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried "Hear! hear!" I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.

NOLAN'S SPEECH

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

For your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to deal with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.

FLAT TAIL, THE BEAVER

EDWARD EGGLESTON

A colony of beavers selected a beautiful spot on a clear stream, called Silver Creek, to build themselves a habitation. Without waiting for any orders, and without any wrangling about whose place was the best, they gnawed down some young trees and laid the foundation for a dam. With that skill for which they are so remarkable, they built it so that it would protect them from cold, from water, and from their foes. When it was completed, they were delighted with it, and paddled round joyously in the pond above, expressing their pleasure to each other in true beaver style.

In this colony there was one young beaver, by the name of Flat Tail. His father, whose name was Mud Dauber, had been a celebrated beaver, who, having very superior teeth, could gnaw through trees with great rapidity. Old Mud Dauber had distinguished himself chiefly, however, by saving the dam on three separate occasions in time of flood. He had done this by his courage and prudence, always beginning to work as soon as he saw the danger coming, without waiting till the damage had become too great to repair.

But his son, this young fellow Flat Tail, was a sorry fellow. As long as old Mud Dauber lived he did pretty well, but as soon as his father died Flat Tail set up for somebody great. Whenever any one questioned his pretensions, he always replied:

"I am Mud Dauber's son. I belong to the best blood in the colony."

He utterly refused to gnaw or build. He was meant for something better, he said.

And so one day in autumn, when the beavers were going out in search of food for winter use, as Flat Tail was good for nothing else, they set him to mind the dam. After they had started, Flat Tail's uncle, old Mr. Webfoot, turned back and told his nephew to be very watchful, as there had been a great rain on the head-waters

of Silver Creek, and he was afraid there would be a flood.

"Be very careful," said Webfoot, "about the small leaks."

"Pshaw," said Flat Tail, "whom are you talking to? I am Mud Dauber's son, and do you think I need your advice?"

After they had gone the stream began to rise. Little sticks and leaves were eddying round in the pool above. Soon the water came up faster, to the great delight of the conceited young beaver, who was pleased with the opportunity to show the rest what kind of stuff he was made of. And though he disliked work, he now began to strengthen the dam in the middle where the water looked the most threatening. But just at this point the dam was the strongest, and, in fact, the least in danger. Near the shore there was a place where the water was already finding its way through. A friendly kingfisher who sat on a neighboring tree warned him that the water was coming through, but, always too conceited to accept of counsel, he answered:

"Oh, that's only a small leak, and near the shore. What does a kingfisher know about a beaver dam anyway! You needn't advise me! I am the great Mud Dauber's son. I shall fight the stream bravely, right here in the worst of the flood."

But Flat Tail soon found that the water in the pond was falling. Looking round for the cause, he saw that the small leak had broken away a large portion of the dam, and that the torrent was rushing through it wildly. Poor Flat Tail now worked like a hero, throwing himself wildly into the water only to be carried away below and forced to walk up again on the shore. His efforts were of no avail, and had not the rest of the Silver Creek beaver family come along at that time, their home and their winter's stock of provisions would alike have been destroyed. Next day there was much beaver laughter over Flat Tail's repairs on the strong part of the dam, and the name that before had been a credit to him was turned into a reproach, for from that day the beavers called him, in derision, "Mud Dauber's son, the best blood in the colony."

Don't neglect a danger because it is small; don't boast of what your father did; and don't be too conceited to receive good advice.

No man is born into this world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

—J. R. Lowell.

TO A WATERFOWL

William Cullen Bryant

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

— SHAKESPEARE.

BEHIND TIME

FREEMAN HUNT

A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been "behind time."

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reënforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; Waterloo was lost.

Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was "behind time."

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week passed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined, because their agent had been "behind time."

It is continuously so in life. The best-laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time."

Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "behind time."

TODAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think! wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
  This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
  At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think! wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

THE HIGH COURT OF INQUIRY

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered the school that, on a rainy holiday, I was met by two boys who ordered me peremptorily to "halt." I was led directly to my own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent.

"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me," said the presiding officer, in a tone of dignified severity.

I was accordingly marched into the middle of the room and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.

"Arthur Bonnicastle," said the officer before mentioned, "you are brought before the High Court of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty. Who says I am?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Henry Hulm, advance!" said the officer.

Henry rose, and, walking by me, took a position near the officer at the head of the room.

"Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the Court whether you know him."

"I know him well," replied Henry.

"What is his general character?"

"He is bright and very amiable."

"Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?"

"I do not."

"Has he deceived you?" inquired the officer. "If he has, please to state the occasion and the circumstance."

"No, your honor; he has never deceived me. I always know when he lies and when he speaks the truth."

"Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?"

"I have," replied Henry; "many times."

"Has he shown any disposition to mend?"

"None at all, your honor."

"What is the character of his falsehood?"

"He tells," replied Henry, "stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds."

I now began with great shame and confusion to realize that I was exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my

eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse either to cry or to attempt to fly.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" said the officer.

"I will," responded Henry; "but I can do it best by asking him questions."

"Very well," said the officer, with a polite bow. "Pursue the course you think best."

"Arthur," said Henry, addressing me directly, "did you ever tell me that when you and your father were on the way to this school your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent the tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her hat?"

"Yes, I did," I responded, my face flaming and painful with shame.

"And did said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road and cut off said tail, and did you send home said tail to said sister to be worn in said hat?" inquired the judge, with a low, grum voice. "The prisoner will answer so that all can hear."

"No," I replied; and looking for some justification of my story, I added, "But I did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" ran around the room in chorus. "He did see a fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you or did you not tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear, and tossed it over the fence and broke its leg?"

"I suppose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence, and break said leg?" inquired the officer.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," I replied doggedly, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! oh! oh!" chimed in the chorus. "He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf!"

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries."

"Arthur, did you or did you not tell me," Henry went on, "that you have an old friend who is soon to go to sea, and that he has promised to bring you a male and a female monkey, a male and a female bird of paradise, a barrel of pineapples, and a Shetland pony?"

"It doesn't seem as if I told you exactly that," I replied.

"Did you or did you not tell him so?" said the officer, severely.

"Perhaps I did," I responded.

"And did your friend who is to go to sea really promise to bring you said monkeys, said birds of paradise, said pineapples, and said pony?"

"No," I replied; "but I really have an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring me anything I ask him to."

"Oh! oh! oh!" swept round the room again. "He really has an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring him anything he asks him to!"

Nods and winks passed from one to another, and Hulm was told that no further testimony was needed. They were evidently in a hurry to conclude the case, and felt themselves cut short in their forms of proceeding. At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed toward the door upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of the interruption. There, in the doorway, towering above us all, and looking questioningly down upon the little assembly, stood Mr. Bird.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand. The officer who had presided explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and that they were about to order him to report to the master for correction.

Then Mr. Bird took a chair and patiently heard the whole story.

"The boy has a great deal of imagination," he said, "and a strong love of approbation. Somebody has flattered his power of invention, probably, and to secure admiration, he has exercised it until he has acquired the habit of exaggeration. I doubt whether he has done much that was consciously wrong.

"I am glad if he has learned, even by the severe means which have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have found a better mode of dealing with him. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?" And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

"I don't think I shall do it any more," I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me downstairs into his room and charged me with kindly counsel. I went out from the interview humbled, and without a revengeful thought in my heart toward the boys who had brought me to trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW STATE HOUSE

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS

What the people of Indiana are and have been is seen in the institutions which they have established and maintained. They placed the State government upon the foundation of popular intelligence, of public virtue and of State beneficence. It may not be said that they are better and wiser now than they were then; but this must be said: they have preserved and maintained with absolute fidelity the essential principles and usages of good government.

Such are the people of Indiana, numerous now and strong, earnest, and it may be aggressive, but always obedient to the law. No people on earth, as I believe, are better qualified to maintain good government, and to exercise the rights and prerogatives that, under the Constitution, belong to a State of the Union. For them this house is being built. To them it is no less than the temple was to the ancient Israelites. Within its walls provision will be made for the entire public service of the State. Here the laws will be enacted, administered and executed. Men and generations of men will pass away, but that work will continue.

When we regard the character of our institutions and the character of our people — their virtue and intelligence and their established educational system, and when we consider the agricultural, the mineral and manufacturing capabilities of our State, we are justified in anticipating for it a long and splendid future.

But it is not upon the soil, the mine, or the factory that we may chiefly rely for the realization of the grand possibilities that lie before us as a State. It is upon the virtues, the intelligence and the patriotism of our people that we must depend, if we would attain our highest possible greatness and lay strong and deep the foundations of a State government that will endure as long as its structures of marble and granite shall stand.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—J. R. Lowell.

DOWN TO SLEEP

Helen Hunt Jackson

November woods are bare and still,
  November days are clear and bright,
Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
  The morning's snow is gone by night;
  Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
  As through the woods I reverent creep,
  Watching all things "lie down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
  Fragrant to smell and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads.
  I never knew before, how much
  Of human sound there is in such
  Low tones as through the forest sweep,
  When all wild things "lie down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
  Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight.
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
  Her ferns kneel down full in my sight;
  I hear their chorus of "good night,"

And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they "lie down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still,
November days are bright and good,
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill,
Life's night rests feet that long have stood;
Some warm, soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.

—Emerson.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

Henry David Thoreau

One day when I went out to my wood pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black.

The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other.

On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers

never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was Conquer or Die.

In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus.

He saw this unequal combat from afar, — for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds, — he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants. Then, watching his opportunity, he

sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference.

And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why, here every ant was a Buttrick, — "Fire! for God's sake, fire!" — and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there.

I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as

important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler. When I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddlebow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever. He was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state.

Whether he finally survived that combat, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be

worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

JOHN MILTON

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest He returning chide,
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
  That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
  Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

A PSALM OF LIFE

What the heart of the young man said to the psalmist

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

DOUBTING CASTLE AND GIANT DESPAIR

JOHN BUNYAN

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds.

Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bade them awake and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying in my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me."

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew

themselves in fault. The Giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So he told his wife what he had done; that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her what he had best do further to them. So she asked what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs. Then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress.

The next night, she talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that, since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves: for why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?

But they desired him to let them go. With that, he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew and left them as before to consider what to do.

Well, towards evening the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there, he found them alive, and truly, alive was all. For now, for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe.

But, I say, he found them alive, at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had dis-

obeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no.

Now the Giant's wife asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves."

Then said she, "Take them into the castle yard tomorrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard and shows them as his wife had bidden him.

"These," said he, "were once pilgrims as you are, and they trespassed on my grounds as you have done, and I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again!" and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday in lamentable case as before.

Now, when night was come, Mistress Diffidence and her husband the Giant began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied:

"I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a dungeon when I may as well walk at liberty: I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

"Then," said Hopeful, "that's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt as he turned the key gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with this key opened that door also. After that he

went to the iron gate, but that lock went desperately hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed. But that gate as it opened made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on and came to the King's highway, and so were safe.

Now when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many therefore that followed after read what was written and escaped the danger.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU

SIR WALTER SCOTT

"Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band."

"Have, then, thy wish!" — He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,

The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave; — though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,

He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before: —
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood, — then waved his hand;
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon and plaid and plumage fair, —
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round, — yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
"Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; — I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
* * * ;" — I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,

And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

WASHINGTON

LORD BYRON

Where may the wearied eye repose,
  When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
  Nor despicable state?
Yes, one, — the first, the last, the best, —
The Cincinnatus of the West,
  Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of WASHINGTON,
To make man blush there was but one.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING

Sarah Orne Jewett

There was a sad heart in the low-storied dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside. There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She owned a pig, and was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house, but almost a man's work outside in her piece of garden ground.

At last, sickness and age had come hand in hand, and together they had wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors as being independent, but now she was left, lame-footed and lame-handed, with a debt to carry, and her bare land, and the house ill-provisioned to stand the siege of time.

For a while she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for any one to be so proud; it was easier for the whole town to care for her than for a few neighbors, and she had better go to the poorhouse before winter, and be done with it. At this terrible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still. There was something appealing even to strange passers-by

in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale, worried face at the window.

Some one has said that anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes, when they come, they seem to be full of shadows. Poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself to be poor and sorrowful indeed. Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting impatiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands; he had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt, after he had cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. He had often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past, and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh, if she could only die in her own house and not suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she looked out helplessly across the gray fields, there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond, and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

"There was Johnny Harris," said Mary Ann Robb, softly; "he was a soldier's son, left an orphan and distressed. Old John Mander scolded, but I couldn't see the

poor boy want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite of what everybody said, and he helped me what little he could; he said I was the only mother he'd ever had. 'I'm going out West, Mother Robb,' said he, 'I won't come back till I get rich.' And then he'd look at me and laugh, so pleasant and boyish. He wasn't one that liked to write; I don't think he was doing well when I heard — years ago now. I always thought if he got sick, I should have a good home for him. There was Ezra Blake, the deaf one, too; he won't have any place to come to —"

The light had faded out of doors, and again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood before her. The snow clicked fast against the window, and she sat alone thinking, in the dark. "There're lots I love," she said once. "They'd be sorry I've got nobody to come, and no supper the night before Thanksgiving. I'm glad they don't know, glad they don't know," and she drew a little nearer to the fire and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking chair.

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the old stove, and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up frightened and bewildered.

"Who's there?" she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door. She was conscious of only her one

great fear. "They've come to take me to the poorhouse!" she said, and burst into tears.

There was a tall man, not John Mander, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway. "Come, let me in," he said gayly; "it's a cold night. You didn't expect me, did you, Mother Robb?"

"Dear me, what is it?" she faltered, stepping back as he came in, and dropping her crutch. "Am I dreaming? I was dreaming about — oh, there! what was I saying? It isn't true; no, I've made some kind of a mistake."

Yes, this was the man who kept the poorhouse, and she would go without complaint; they might have given her notice, but she must not fret.

"Sit down, sir," she said, turning toward him with touching patience. "You'll have to give me a little time. If I'd been notified, I wouldn't have kept you waiting a minute, this cold night."

It was not the keeper; the man by the door took one step forward, and put his arms round her and kissed her.

"What are you talking about?" said John Harris. "You aren't going to make me feel like a stranger. I've come all the way from Dakota to spend Thanksgiving. There are all sorts of things out here in the wagon, and a man to help get them in. Why, don't you cry so, Mother Robb; I thought you'd have a great laugh if I came in and surprised you! Don't you remember I said I should?"

It was John Harris, indeed. The poor soul could say nothing; she felt now as if her heart were going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking chair, and came and went in his old busy way, bringing in his store of gifts and provisions; it was better than any dream. He laughed and talked, and went out to send away the man to bring a wagonful of wood from John Mander's, and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime.

They must cook the steak for supper right away; they must find the package of tea among all the other bundles. They must get wood fires started in both the bedrooms; why, Mother Robb didn't seem to be ready for company from out West! The great cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little old woman limped after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had not she a house for John to come to, were not her old chairs and tables in their places still, and he remembered everything and kissed her as they stood before the fire as if she were a girl!

He had found plenty of hard times, but fortune had come at last. "No, I couldn't seem to write letters; no use to complain of the worst, and I wanted to tell you the best when I came"; and he told it while she cooked the supper.

"No, I wasn't going to write foolish letters," John

repeated; he was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been, and they sat down to supper together just as they used when he was a homeless orphan boy whom nobody else wanted in winter weather, while he was crippled and could not work. Mother Robb could not be kinder now than she was then, but she looked so poor and old. He saw her take her cup of tea and set it down again with a trembling hand, and look at him.

Wiping his eyes and trying to laugh, he said, "And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable as long as you live, Mother Robb."

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good hot supper ready, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.

Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune, as her wheel
turns round;
He who keeps his faith, he only, cannot be discrowned.
Little were a change of station, loss of life or crown,
But the wreck were past retrieving if the man fell down.

—J. R. Lowell.

THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go.
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,

And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

What a noble gift to man are the forests! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe to their beauty and their utility! How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads when we turn from the glitter and turmoil of the world of man!

— Cooper.

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it; and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

A VISIT TO THE WRECK

(From *Swiss Family Robinson*)

JOHANN RUDOLF WYSS

After breakfast, Fritz and I prepared to make a trip to the wreck, to take away from it as many things as we could. We fixed a post in the ground, and hoisted a piece of sail-cloth on it as a flag, and I told my wife that if anything should happen to her or the children during our absence, she was to haul down the flag and fire three shots as a sign to us to come to their help. I also told her that we might have to remain all night on the wreck.

Our little tub boat being ready, Fritz and I embarked. We took with us our guns and some ammunition, and Fritz brought the little monkey. We soon reached the wreck, a strong current of the water being then favorable to us, and entering through the breach, we made fast our boat, and stepped on board. Our first care was to see the animals, who greeted us with joy, lowing, bellowing, and bleating as we approached. The poor beasts were not hungry, for there was still plenty of food near them, but they were pleased by the sight of human beings. Fritz put

his monkey near one of the goats, and it began to suck as if the goat were its own mother.

"Now," said I, "we have plenty to do; where shall we begin?"

"Let us fix a mast and sail to our boat," answered Fritz, "for the current that brought us out will not take us back."

"Good thought," I replied; "let us set to work at once."

I chose a stout spar to serve as a mast, and having made a hole in a plank nailed across one of the tubs, we soon fixed it upright. We then hoisted a sail which had belonged to one of the ship's boats, and our craft was in good going trim. Fritz begged me to decorate the mast-head with a red streamer, to give our vessel a more finished appearance. I did so, and I then made a rudder with which to steer the boat.

So much time had now slipped away that we found we could not return that night. We spent the rest of our time in taking out the stones we had placed in the boat for ballast, and stowing in their place heavy articles of value to us. The ship had sailed with a supply for a young colony, and so she had on board a great many useful things.

We first secured a large quantity of powder and shot, three excellent guns, and a whole armful of swords and daggers. We laid in a large stock of knives and forks,

and kitchen utensils of all sorts. In the captain's cabin we discovered silver plate and some good wine. We then went through the stores, and got potted meats, meat jelly for soup, hams, a bag of maize and wheat, and a quantity of other seeds and vegetables. I found a barrel of sulphur, which I knew would be useful for making matches, and I also found a good deal of cordage. All these, with nails, tools, and agricultural implements, completed our cargo.

Night now drew on, and with a prayer for the safety of our dear ones on shore, we wrapped ourselves up in woollen coverlids which we had found in the wreck and lay down to sleep.

At daybreak Fritz and I arose and went on deck. I took a telescope I had found in the cabin, and, turning it toward the land, saw to my great delight that the flag was waving in the morning breeze, showing that my wife and the children were all safe. We then began to consider how we could get our live stock ashore.

"I can think of nothing," said Fritz, "unless we make swimming belts for them."

"That is a good thought," said I, and I at once caught a sheep and fastened a broad piece of linen around its body, and attached to it some corks and empty tins. Then we swung the animal into the sea. It sank, but a moment afterward rose and floated.

We next caught the other animals, — the cow, goat, ass, and the other sheep, — and did the same with them. The sow kicked and squealed so that I thought we should have to leave her; but at length we succeeded in sending her out after the others, and when once in the water, such was her energy that she was the first to reach the shore.

We had fastened to the horns or neck of each animal a cord with a float attached to the end, and, now embarking, we gathered up these floats and set sail.

Soon after starting I put my glass to my eye to try if I could see any of my family on shore. But suddenly I heard a cry from Fritz, and, turning around, I saw him pointing his gun at a large shark, which was making for one of our sheep, and had turned on his side to seize his prey. Fritz fired, and the monster at once disappeared, leaving a trace of blood in the water.

We soon got near the shore, and, steering the boat to a convenient place, I cast off the ropes which held the animals, and let them get to land as best they could. My wife and children appeared a few moments after we stepped ashore, and with a shout of joy ran toward us. Fritz, Ernest, and I then began the work of unloading our craft, and Jack soon came to help us.

"But I have not been idle all day," said Jack. "Look here," and he pointed to a belt around his waist. It was

a broad belt covered with yellow hair, in which he had stuck a couple of pistols and a knife.

"And see," he added, "what I have made for the dogs. Here, Juno! Turk!"

The dogs came bounding up at his call, and I saw that they were each supplied with a collar of the same skin, in which were fastened nails, which bristled round their necks in a most formidable manner, making an excellent shield against the attack of wild animals.

"Very good, my boy!" said I; "but where did you get your materials, and who helped you?"

"I helped him with the sewing," said my wife; "Fritz's jackal supplied us with the skin, and the needles and thread came out of my wonderful bag."

My wife then returned to the tent to prepare supper, for it was now drawing toward evening. The boys and I meanwhile continued our work of unloading, and when it was finished and our cargo and herd of animals were all safely brought off, we sat down to our meal.

It was very unlike the first supper we had there. My wife had made a table of a board laid on two casks, and spread upon it a white damask tablecloth, on which were placed knives, forks, spoons, and plates. A tureen of soup first appeared, followed by a good omelette, then slices of ham, and finally some Dutch cheese. Butter and biscuits completed the meal. While we thus feasted, I related our adventures on the wreck.

THE WATER-LILY

James Jeffrey Roche

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere
  Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fibre and dull of hue,
  With naught of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near
  Saw only the vulgar stem.
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water snake with his lidless eye,—
  It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honeybee,
  The sun and sky and air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
  And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
  To sordid life tied down,
May bloom to heaven, and no man know,
Seeing the coarse, vile stem below,
  How God hath seen the crown.

JO'S SACRIFICE

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

"Mrs. March:

"Your husband is very ill. Come at once.

"S. Hale,

"Blank Hospital, Washington."

How still the room was as they listened breathlessly, and how suddenly the whole world seemed to change, as the girls gathered about their mother. Mrs. March read the message over, and in a tone they never forgot said, "I shall go at once, but it may be too late." Then turning to Laurie, she said, "Leave a note at Aunt March's. Jo, give me the pen and paper."

Jo drew the table before her mother, well knowing the money for the long, sad journey must be borrowed, and feeling as if she could do anything to add a little to the sum for her father. Then she went out to buy several articles her mother needed for the journey.

The short afternoon wore away, but Jo did not return. They began to get anxious, and Laurie went off to find her. He missed her, however, and she came walking

in with a very queer expression of countenance, for there was a mixture of fun and fear, satisfaction and regret, in it, which puzzled the family as much as did the roll of bills she laid before her mother, saying, with a little choke in her voice, "That's my contribution towards making father comfortable and bringing him home!"

"My dear, where did you get it? Twenty-five dollars! Jo, I hope you haven't done anything rash?"

"No, it's mine honestly; I didn't beg, borrow, or steal it. I earned it; and I don't think you'll blame me, for I only sold what was my own."

As she spoke, Jo took off her bonnet, and a general outcry arose, for all her abundant hair was cut short.

"Your hair! Your beautiful hair!" "O Jo, how could you? Your one beauty." "My dear girl, there was no need of this." "She doesn't look like my Jo any more, but I love her dearly for it!"

As every one exclaimed, and Beth hugged the cropped head tenderly, Jo assumed an indifferent air, which did not deceive any one a particle, and said, rumpling up the brown bush, and trying to look as if she liked it: "It doesn't affect the fate of the nation, so don't wail, Beth. It will be good for my vanity; I was getting too proud of my wig. It will do my brains good to have that mop taken off; my head feels deliciously light and cool, and

the barber said I could soon have a curly crop, which will be boyish, becoming, and easy to keep in order. I'm satisfied; so please take the money, and let's have supper."

"What made you do it?" asked Amy, who would as soon have thought of cutting off her head as her pretty hair.

"Well, I was wild to do something for father," replied Jo, as they gathered about the table, for healthy young people can eat even in the midst of trouble. "I hate to borrow as much as mother does, and I knew Aunt March would croak; she always does, if you ask for a ninepence. Meg gave all her quarterly salary toward the rent, and I only got some clothes with mine, so I felt wicked, and was bound to have some money, if I sold the nose off my face to get it."

"You needn't feel wicked, my child: you had no winter things, and got the simplest with your own hard earnings," said Mrs. March, with a look that warmed Jo's heart.

"I hadn't the least idea of selling my hair at first, but as I went along, I kept thinking what I could do. In a barber's window I saw tails of hair with the prices marked; and one black tail, not so thick as mine, was forty dollars. It came over me all of a sudden that I had one thing to make money out of, and without stopping to

think, I walked in, asked if they bought hair, and what they would give for mine."

"I don't see how you dared to do it," said Beth, in a tone of awe.

"Oh, he was a little man who looked as if he merely lived to oil his hair. He rather stared, at first, as if he wasn't used to having girls bounce into his shop and ask him to buy their hair. He said he didn't care about mine, it wasn't the fashionable color, and he never paid much for it in the first place; the work put into it made it dear, and so on. It was getting late and I was afraid, if it wasn't done right away, that I shouldn't have it done at all, and you know when I start to do a thing, I hate to give it up; so I begged him to take it, and told him why I was in such a hurry. It was silly, I dare say, but it changed his mind, for I got rather excited, and told the story in my topsy-turvy way, and his wife heard, and said so kindly, —

"'Take it, Thomas, and oblige the young lady; I'd do as much for our Jimmy any day if I had a spire of hair worth selling.'"

"Who was Jimmy?" asked Amy, who liked to have things explained as they went along.

"Her son, she said, who was in the army. How friendly such things make strangers feel, don't they? She talked away all the time the man clipped, and diverted my mind nicely."

"Didn't you feel dreadfully when the first cut came?" asked Meg, with a shiver.

"I took a last look at my hair while the man got his things, and that was the end of it. I never snivel over trifles like that; I will confess, though, I felt queer when I saw the dear old hair laid out on the table, and felt only the short rough ends on my head. It almost seemed as if I'd an arm or a leg off. The woman saw me look at it, and picked out a long lock for me to keep. I'll give it to you, Marmee, just to remember past glories by; for a crop is so comfortable I don't think I shall ever have a mane again."

Mrs. March folded the wavy chestnut lock, and laid it away with a short gray one in her desk. She only said, "Thank you, deary," but something in her face made the girls change the subject, and talk as cheerfully as they could about the prospect of a fine day to-morrow, and the happy times they would have when father came home to be nursed.

No one wanted to go to bed, when at ten o'clock Mrs. March put by the last finished job, and said, "Come, girls." Beth went to the piano and played the father's favorite hymn; all began bravely, but broke down one by one, till Beth was left alone, singing with all her heart, for to her music was always a sweet consoler.

"Go to bed and don't talk, for we must be up early,

and shall need all the sleep we can get. Good night, my darlings," said Mrs. March, as the hymn ended, for no one cared to try another.

They kissed her quietly, and went to bed as silently as if the dear invalid lay in the next room. Beth and Amy soon fell asleep in spite of the great trouble. Jo lay motionless, and Meg fancied that she was asleep, till a stifled sob made her exclaim, as she touched a wet cheek, —

"Jo, dear, what is it? Are you crying about father?"

"No, not now."

"What, then?"

"My — my hair!" burst out poor Jo, trying vainly to smother her emotion in the pillow.

"I'm not sorry," she protested, with a choke. "I'd do it again to-morrow, if I could. It's only the vain, selfish part of me that goes and cries in this silly way. Don't tell any one, it's all over now. I thought you asleep, so I just made a little private moan for my one beauty. And now for sleep."

The clocks were striking midnight, and the rooms were very still, as a figure glided quietly from bed to bed, smoothing the coverlid here, settling a pillow there, and pausing to look long and tenderly at each unconscious face, to kiss each with lips that mutely blessed, and to pray the fervent prayers which only mothers utter. As

she lifted the curtain to look out into the dreary night, the moon broke suddenly from behind the clouds, and shone upon her like a bright, benignant face, which seemed to whisper in the silence: "Be comforted, dear soul! There is always light behind the clouds."

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

JOHN KEATS

The poetry of earth is never dead!
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's; he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

A SONG

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear:
  There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
  And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
  And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
  The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
  There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  In the midnight black or the mid-day blue:
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
  And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
  And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear:
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

ROMULUS AND THE BEGINNING OF ROME

Caroline H. and Samuel B. Harding

We do not know just when, or how, or by whom the beginning of Rome was made. It happened so long ago, and there was so little writing in those early days, that no account, given at the time, has come down to us. Indeed, it is likely that nobody then dreamed that the world would ever care to know how this little city was commenced.

But, after Rome had begun to grow, and to conquer her neighbors, and people had begun to read and write, the Romans themselves began to be curious to know about the beginning of their town. It was too late to find out certainly then, for the persons who had lived at the time that it was founded were long dead and forgotten. But the Romans continued to wonder about it, and finally they made up many stories of the early years of their city, which they came to accept as true and have handed down to us.

According to these stories, the first settlers at Rome came from a little city named Alba Longa, and this was the way in which they happened to leave that place and

settle at Rome. The rightful king of Alba Longa had been put out of power by his brother. Then this brother had killed the true king's sons, and shut up his daughter in prison, where twin sons were born to her. When her cruel uncle heard this, and saw how large and strong the children were, he was much troubled; for he feared that, if they should grow up to be men, they might some day take his stolen throne away from him. He determined, therefore, to put them to death; so he took the sleeping children in the wooden trough which served as their cradle, and gave them to a servant, telling him to drown them in the River Tiber.

The river at this time was overflowing its banks, and the main current ran so swift and strong that the man was afraid to go near the bed of the stream. For this reason, he set the trough down in the shallow water at the river's edge, and went his way. The children floated gently in this strange boat to a place where seven low hills rose upon the southern bank of the stream. The flood was now going down rapidly; and at the foot of a wild fig tree, which grew at the base of one of the hills, the cradle at last caught in a vine and came safely to land.

In this way the children escaped drowning, but they were still alone and uncared for, far from the homes of men. Soon, however, they were provided for in a wonderful manner. When they began to cry of hunger, a

mother wolf that had lost her cubs came to them, and gave them milk, and a woodpecker flew down from the trees bringing them food. For some time these wild creatures were the children's only nurses, but at last a shepherd of Alba Longa, who had often watched the wolf coming and going from the place, found the boys and saw how they had been cared for. The Italians of that time thought that wolves and woodpeckers were sacred to Mars, their god of war; so this shepherd believed that the children were favorites of that deity. Full of this thought, he carried them to his little hut, where his wife took charge of them as though they had been her own.

The children were named Romulus and Remus by the shepherd people, and as the years passed, they grew up strong and brave, with spirits that nothing could subdue. Whenever there was a hunting party, or a contest in running or whistling, or a struggle with robbers who tried to drive off their flocks and herds, Romulus and Remus were sure to be among the leaders of the shepherd band.

They won great fame among their companions, but they also gained the hatred of evil-doers. At last, some lawless men, in revenge, seized Remus at a festival, and bore him to the false king of Alba Longa, charging him with robbery. There the true king saw the young man, and struck with his appearance, questioned him about his birth; but Remus could tell him little. In the meantime,

the shepherd who had found the boys told Romulus the whole story of the discovery of Remus and himself; and Romulus gathered together a company of his friends, and hurried to the city to save his brother. In this he soon succeeded; and then the two brothers joined together to punish the cruel king of Alba Longa, and to set their newly found grandfather on his throne once more.

After they had accomplished this, the brothers were not content to remain in Alba Longa, for they wished to be rulers wherever they might be. As there were now more people in Alba than could live comfortably within its walls, it was decided to begin a new city under the leadership of Romulus and Remus; and the two brothers chose a location near the fig tree where they had been found as children by their foster-father.

This was an excellent place for a city. On the nearest hill, which was called the Palatine, they could build their fort; and at its foot were valleys in which they could pasture their sheep and cattle. The River Tiber was near at hand, for their rude boats to come and go upon; and if, at any time, the city should grow too large for this one small hill, there were the six others close by to receive the overflow of people.

After Romulus and Remus had decided upon the place for their town, a difficulty arose. A new city must have a founder who should give his name to it; but which of

the brothers should have this honor? As they were of the same age, and could not settle the matter by giving the honor to the elder, they agreed to leave the choice to the gods of the place. So each took his stand upon one of the hills to receive a sign by watching the flight of birds. Remus saw six vultures from his hilltop; but Romulus, a little later, saw twelve. This was thought to be a better sign than that of Remus; so Romulus became the founder of the new city, and it was called Rome after him.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

—William Cowper.

A BUILDER'S LESSON

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the centre's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Levelling what we raised in haste:
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First, across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS

EUGENE MURRAY-AARON

That afternoon they took a stroll along one of the roads leading into the interior of the island, finally following a trail into a jungle of thick tropical growth, where the Doctor told them they were likely to find rare beetles, because some one had been chopping down timber, and beetles dearly love the neighborhood of piles of bark and fresh chips. As they were walking along, poking into a heap on one hand, and examining the flowers of some plant on the other, Harry suddenly exclaimed: —

"Come here, quick, Doctor! See what I've found. Hundreds of these pestiferous ants eating up some sort of caterpillar. No wonder butterflies are so scarce here, if that's what becomes of their young ones!"

"Slowly, my boy. Don't jump at conclusions," the Doctor said, as he and Ned joined Harry at the side of a tall cassia, whereon scores of ants were running rapidly from place to place, among a large colony of caterpillars. "Be sure you see one of the ants doing a caterpillar any harm, before you charge, try, and hang them as murderers!

Here, take this large magnifying glass and tell me what you can see through that."

Harry carefully bent over one of the leaves on which there were many of both kinds of insects, and for some minutes did not utter a word. When, at last, he did speak, he had a very different story to tell.

"This tropical country is the queerest place I ever dreamt of. Those ants are walking right up to the caterpillars and patting them on the backs with their feelers, and the caterpillars are showing no signs of worry or fear at all. I can't see what makes them such good friends; but there don't seem to be any signs of their being enemies."

"You take the glass, Ned, and see whether you can find any reason for this seeming friendship," was the Doctor's comment.

This the other boy did, examining several of the leaves and their tiny inhabitants with the greatest care. Finally he tried to drive the ants from one of the leaves with his finger. The quick way in which he withdrew it showed that the bond of friendship between the two very different insects was such as to call for aggressive measures on the part of the ants.

"My, how those little rascals can bite!" he said, shaking his finger. "I can see only what Hal saw; plenty of signs of affection on the part of the ants, and entire in-

difference on the part of the caterpillars, who go right on feeding. But I can't see any cause for such antics."

"Hal, take this smaller glass," the Doctor said; "you will have to get closer to the leaf, and you will not see so big an area at once; but it is more powerful than the other. Now I will tell you both what to look for, and I think then you will understand this performance, which is one of the most interesting in the insect world. Now look at one of the caterpillars, and you will see that near the hinder end of each, and right on top, there are little tubes projecting upward, and then you will notice that it is always to this end that the ant approaches with its pats and caresses. Watch one of the ants very carefully, now. Doesn't it pat with its antennæ, or feelers, right on or around those tubes?

"Now watch the upper end of the tube, and you'll see a little drop of a honey-yellow fluid appear there; and it will then be easy enough, when you see the ant suck up all this fluid and run off to repeat this performance with another caterpillar, to understand what the bond of friendship is. For these caterpillars are simply the cows of the ants, and the thick, gummy, and very sweet fluid which then exudes from those tiny tubes is a sort of honey-milk on which these ants mainly subsist, and their antennæ are simply used in this way to milk their caterpillar cattle."

As the Doctor finished speaking, both boys looked up

from the colonies of caterpillars they had been watching, and Ned eagerly asked, —

"But where do the 'cows' come in? I can see that this is very nice for the ants, but I don't see what the caterpillars gain by it all."

"If you boys will find me two or three 'ladybugs,' or other specimens of the family of beetles, I will soon prove to you that the caterpillars are even greater gainers than the ants by this friendship," the Doctor replied. And as they went off, looking over the leaves and twigs of bushes for what they wanted, he deftly picked some of the caterpillars off the leaves with his forceps, and deposited them in a pill-box, which he placed in his pocket.

In a few minutes each of the boys was back with two or three ladybugs; and taking one of these the Doctor carefully dropped it into the pill-box in which were the caterpillars, holding it so that both boys could watch the result. No sooner had the beetle touched the bottom of the box than it grabbed one of the caterpillars, and fastening one of its hard jaws in the fleshy sides of the helpless creature, began to extract the life juices from it. Then taking another beetle, he carefully held it over a leaf whereon were a large number of caterpillars being guarded by a score or more of ants, and gently dropped it.

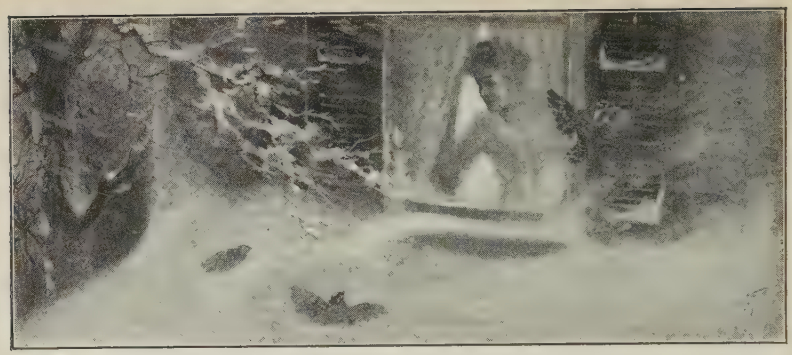
Again the beetle made a rush for a caterpillar, but it

was not so quick as a dozen ants, which rushed for it and began so savagely attacking it that the poor ladybug, after trying to fly away with its burden of biting and tearing ants, relinquished its hold upon the leaf and rolled to the ground, where it was no better off, as Harry discovered, reporting that the ants were tearing it to pieces while he watched them with the glass. This experiment the Doctor made several times, and in each case the result was the same, save in one, where the ladybug, evidently knowing what to expect, quickly flew away before the ants could reach it, and without paying any attention to the caterpillars.

"How long do you think this species of caterpillar would last if they did not have the ants to defend them?" the Doctor asked.

"Not very long, I am sure!" Ned replied. "This is really the most wonderful thing. Why don't we have such wonderful species at home, Doctor? Why are they all in the warm country?"

"They are not," was the reply. "There are two species of this same genus of butterflies in your own State, Pennsylvania, which are shielded from harm by ants, and there are a number of species of plant lice and of tree hoppers that are also protected in the same way. It is common everywhere, yet there are few who observe so carefully as ever to have seen it."



WHERE DO THE BIRDS SLEEP?

Dallas Lore Sharp

A storm had been raging from the northeast all day. Toward evening the wind strengthened to a gale, and the fine, icy snow swirled and drifted over the frozen fields.

I lay a long time listening to the wild symphony of the winds, thankful for the roof over my head, and wondering how the hungry, homeless creatures out of doors would pass the night. Where do the birds sleep such nights as this? Where in this bitter cold, this darkness and storm, will they make their beds? The lark that broke from the snow at my feet as I crossed the pasture this afternoon — where will it sleep to-night?

The storm grew fiercer; the wind roared through the big pines by the side of the house and swept hoarsely on across the fields; the pines shivered and groaned and their long limbs scraped over the shingles above me as if

feeling with frozen fingers for a way in; the windows rattled, the cracks and corners of the old farm-house shrieked, and a long, thin line of snow sifted in from beneath the window across the garret floor.

I fancied these sounds of the storm were the voices of freezing birds, crying to be taken in from the cold. Once I thought I heard a thud against the window, a sound heavier than the rattle of the snow. Something seemed to be beating the glass. It might be a bird. I got out of bed to look; but there was only the ghostly face of the snow pressed against the panes, halfway to the window's top. I imagined that I heard the thud again; but while listening, fell asleep and dreamed that my window was frozen fast, and that all the birds in the world were knocking at it, trying to get in out of the night and storm.

The fields lay pure and white and flooded with sunshine when I awoke. Jumping out of bed, I ran to the window, and saw a dark object on the sill outside. I raised the sash, and there, close against the glass, were two quails — frozen stiff in the snow. It was they I heard the night before fluttering at the window. The ground had been covered deep with snow for several days, and at last, driven by hunger and cold from the fields, they saw my light, and sought shelter from the storm and a bed for the night with me.

THE ECHO IN THE HEART

HENRY VAN DYKE

It's little I can tell
About the birds in books;
And yet I know them well,
By their music and their looks:
When May comes down the lane,
Her airy lovers throng
To welcome her with song,
And follow in her train:
Each minstrel weaves his part
In that wild-flowery strain,
And I know them all again
By their echo in my heart.

Its little that I care
About my darling's place
In books of beauty rare,
Or heraldries of race:
For when she steps in view,
It matters not to me
What her sweet type may be,
Of woman, old or new.
I can't explain the art;
But I know her for my own,
Because her lightest tone
Wakes an echo in my heart.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal warning. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure — Nelson's last signal: — "England expects every man to do his duty!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more.

We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause."

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzentop, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder. He fell on his face. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

"I hope not!" cried Hardy.

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, Nelson observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. All that could be done was to fan him, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself.

As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance, of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of the most painful, and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?"

Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that."

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon."

Calling Hardy again, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, "Kiss me, Hardy," said he.

Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty."

Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him — forever.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

James Whitcomb Riley

I

"Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?
Who gave you that name with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfullest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory? Say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?"
The old banner lifted, and faltering then,
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

II

"Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happened to 'favor' a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild, breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us calling you that—
We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his hat
And hurrahing 'Old Glory!' like you were our kin,
When—Lord!—we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you humor us all,
And waft us our thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—
(And we're wanting it so!—
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?"
The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

III

"Old Glory, the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,

Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always — or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?"
Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.

IV

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:
"By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead —
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
So I came by the name of Old Glory."

THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

CHARLES DICKENS

Perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off his power, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling. Think of that!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and knew it for their own; and, basking

in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid, to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother," said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We had a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well, never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and be warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me,

coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said.

It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There was never such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with goose, — a supposition at

which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up; apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a

circle, meaning half a one; and while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily, Bob proposed: —

"A Merry Christmas to all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered hand in his and gave another toast. "I give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one proposes the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, and unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"His health, then, for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

HONEST POVERTY

ROBERT BURNS

Is there for honest poverty,
  That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
  The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
    The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Their tinsel show, and a' that;
  The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
    Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts and stares, and a' that!
Though thousands worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that:

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
As come it will, for a' that —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that;
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

gowd, gold.
hamely, homely.
hodden grey, coarse gray cloth.
gie, give.
birkie, smart young fellow.
coof, fool.
aboon, above.
maunna, must not.
fa', pretend.
gree, prize.

MAGGIE RUNS AWAY FROM HER SHADOW

GEORGE ELIOT

The resolution that gathered in Maggie's mind was not so simple as that of going home. No! she would run away and go to the gypsies. She would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies; and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relations who found fault with her, should never see her any more. She thought of her father as she ran along, but determined that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, and just let him know that she was well and happy and always loved him very much.

Maggie soon got out of breath with running, but by the time Tom got to the pond again she was at the distance of three long fields, and was on the edge of the lane leading to the highroad. She stopped to pant a little, thinking that running away was not a pleasant thing until one had come quite to the common where the gypsies were.

She passed through a gate into the lane, not knowing where it would lead her, for it was not this way that they came from Dorlcote Mill to Garum Firs.

She felt a delightful sense of privacy in creeping along

by the hedgerows. She was getting tired and hungry, and until she reached the gypsies there was no definite prospect of bread and butter.

At last, the green fields came to an end, and Maggie found herself looking through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. She crept through the bars and walked on with new spirit, though not without haunting fears of Apollyon, and a highwayman with a pistol, and a blinking dwarf in yellow with a mouth from ear to ear, and other dangers.

It was not without a leaping of the heart that she caught sight of a small pair of bare legs, sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hillock. She was too much agitated at the first glance to see the ragged clothes and the dark shaggy head attached to them. It was a boy asleep; and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly lest she should wake him; it did not occur to her that he was one of her friends, the gypsies. But the fact was so; for at the next bend in the lane, Maggie actually saw the little black tent, with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge from all the trials that had pursued her in civilized life.

She even saw a female figure by the column of smoke — doubtless the gypsy mother, who provided the tea and other groceries; and it was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted. She went on and thought

with some comfort that gypsies most likely knew nothing about idiots, so there was no danger of their falling into the mistake of setting her down at the first glance as an idiot.

It was plain she had attracted attention; for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up in the new face rather tremblingly as it approached and thought that her aunt and the rest were right when they called her a gypsy. For this face, with the bright dark eyes and the long hair, was really something like what she used to see in the glass before she cut her hair off.

"My little lady, where are you going?" the gypsy said in a coaxing tone.

It was delightful, and just what Maggie expected. The gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

"Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. "I'm coming to stay with *you*, please."

"That's pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure!" said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

There was quite a group round the fire when they

reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the ground nursing her knees, and poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth an odorous steam. Two small shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows. And a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay.

The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the tea-cups. Everything would be charming when she had taught the gypsies to use a washing-basin and to feel an interest in books. It was a little confusing, though, when the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand.

At last the old woman said: "What, my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down and tell us where you come from."

It was just like a story; Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said: "I'm come from home because I'm unhappy and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you, if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing the baby to

crawl; "and such a pretty bonnet and frock," taking off Maggie's bonnet and looking at it, while she said something to the old woman in the unknown language. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head, hind-foremost, with a grin. But Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this point, as if she cared for the bonnet.

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said; "I'd rather wear a red handkerchief like yours." "My hair was quite long till yesterday, when I cut it off; but I dare say it will grow again very soon," she added. She had forgotten even her hunger at the moment in the desire to make the gypsy think well of her.

"Oh, what a nice little lady! — and rich, I'm sure," said the old woman. "Didn't you live in a beautiful house at home?"

"Yes, my home is pretty, and I'm very fond of the river where we go fishing; but I'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books — I've read them so many times; and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about geography, too — that's about the world we live in — very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?"

Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to

flush — she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies and gaining great influence over them.

The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie's pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

"Is that where you live?" said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh, no!" said Maggie, with some pity; "Columbus was a very wonderful man, who found out half the world, and they put chains on him and treated him very badly, you know. It's in my geography, but perhaps it's rather too long to tell before tea — I want my tea so."

The last words burst from Maggie, in spite of herself.

"Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some of the cold victual. You've been walking a good way, I'll be bound, my dear. Where's your home?"

"It's Dorlcote Mill, a long way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver, but we mustn't let him know where I am, or he will take me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?"

"What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman. The tall girl, meanwhile, was

constantly staring at Maggie and grinning. Her manners were certainly not agreeable.

"No," said Maggie, "I'm only thinking that if she isn't a very good queen you might be glad when she died, and you could choose another. If I were a queen, I'd be a very good queen, and kind to everybody."

"Here's a bit of nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

"Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea, instead? I don't like bacon."

"We've got no tea or butter," said the old woman, with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

The old woman, seeming to forget Maggie's hunger, poked the skewer into the pot with new vigor, and the younger crept under the tent and reached out some platters and spoons. Maggie trembled a little, and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes. Meanwhile the tall girl gave a shrill cry, and presently the boy came running up whom Maggie had passed as he was sleeping, — a rough urchin about the age of Tom. He stared at Maggie, and there ensued much chattering. She felt very lonely, and was quite sure she should begin to cry

before long. The gypsies didn't seem to mind her at all, and she felt quite weak among them.

But the springing tears were checked by new terror, when two men came up. The elder of the two carried a bag, which he flung down, addressing the women in a loud and scolding tone. A black dog ran barking up to Maggie, and threw her into a tremor that found only a new cause in the curses with which the younger man called the dog off, and gave him a rap with a great stick he held in his hand.

Maggie felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people, or ever communicate to them amusing and useful knowledge. Both the men now seemed to be inquiring about Maggie. At last the younger woman said: —

"This nice little lady's come to live with us; aren't you glad?"

"Ay, very glad," said the younger, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all except the thimble to the younger woman, and she immediately restored them to Maggie's pocket, while the men seated themselves, and began to attack the contents of the kettle, — a stew of meat and potatoes, — which had been taken off the fire and turned out into a yellow platter. The women saw she was frightened.

"We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman in her coaxing tone, "and she's so hungry, sweet little lady!"

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o' this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie.

If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giant Killer, or Mr. Great-heart, or St. George who slew the dragon on the half-pennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought with a sinking heart that these heroes were never seen in the neighborhood; nothing very wonderful ever came there.

Her ideas about the gypsies had undergone a rapid change in the last five minutes. She had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark. It was no use trying to eat the stew, and yet the thing she most dreaded was to offend the gypsies.

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit, come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, trying to smile in a friendly way. "I haven't time, I think; it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and things."

Maggie rose from her seat; but her hope sank when the old gypsy-woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady; we'll take you home all safe, when we've done supper; you shall ride home, like a lady."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now, then, little Missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live — what's the name o' the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie, eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; he lives there."

"What! a big mill a little way this side o' St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark; we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be — you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was going home.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the young woman, putting that recently despised but now welcome article of

costume on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you were?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Maggie, "I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me, too." She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone.

"Ah, you're fondest of me, aren't you?" said the woman. "But I can't go; you'll go too fast for me."

It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him. When the woman had patted her on the back, and said "good-by," the donkey set off at a rapid walk along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an hour ago.

No one was ever more terrified than poor Maggie in this ride on a short-paced donkey, with a gypsy behind her, who considered that he was earning half a crown. The red light of the setting sun seemed to have a dreadful meaning, with which the alarming bray of the second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection.

At last — oh, sight of joy! — this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad highroad, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger-post at the corner — she had surely seen that finger-post before — "To St. Ogg's, 2 miles."

The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she didn't like coming with him alone. This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well. She was thinking how she might open a conversation with the injured gypsy, when, as they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried out. "There's my father! Oh, father, father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her, she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver's wonder, for he had made a round from Basset, and had not yet been home.

"Why, what's the meaning of this?" he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"The little miss lost herself, I reckon," said the gypsy. "She'd come to our tent at the far end of Dunlow lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It's a good way to come."

"Oh, yes, father, he's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man."

"Here then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It's the best day's work you ever did.

I couldn't afford to lose the little maid; here, lift her up before me."

"Why, Maggie, how's this — how's this?" he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father and sobbed.

"Oh, father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Tulliver, soothingly, "you mustn't think o' running away from father. What would father do without his little girl?"

"Oh, no, I never will again, father — never."

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

— SHAKESPEARE.

THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

HENRY VAN DYKE

While May bedecks the naked trees
With tassels and embroideries,
And many blue-eyed violets beam
Along the edges of the stream,
I hear a voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
"Witchery — witchery — witchery."

An incantation so serene,
So innocent, befits the scene:
There's magic in that small bird's note —
See, there he flits — the Yellow-throat:
A living sunbeam, tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings
"Witchery — witchery — witchery."

You prophet with a pleasant name,
If out of Mary-land you came,
You know the way that thither goes
Where Mary's lovely garden grows:

Fly swiftly back to her, I pray,
And try, to call her down this way,
"Witchery — witchery — witchery!"

Tell her to leave her cockle-shells,
And all her little silver bells
That blossom into melody,
And all her maids less fair than she.
She does not need these pretty things,
For everywhere she comes, she brings
"Witchery — witchery — witchery!"

And for success, I ask no more than this, —
To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
All true whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end.

— J. R. Lowell.

WINTER NEIGHBORS

JOHN BURROUGHS

A winter neighbor of mine in whom I am interested, and who perhaps lends me his support after his kind, is a little red owl, whose retreat is in the heart of an old apple-tree just over the fence. Where he keeps himself in spring and summer I do not know, but late every fall, and at intervals all winter, his hiding-place is discovered by the jays and nut-hatches, and proclaimed from the tree-tops for the space of half an hour or so, with all the powers of voice they can command. Four times during one winter they called me out to behold this little ogre feigning sleep in his den, sometimes in one apple-tree, sometimes in another. Whenever I heard their cries, I knew my neighbor was being berated.

The birds would take turns in looking in upon him and uttering their alarm notes. Every jay within hearing would come to the spot and at once approach the hole in the trunk or limb, and with a kind of breathless eagerness and excitement take a peep at the owl, and then join the outcry. When I approached they would hastily take a final look and then withdraw and

regard my movements intently. After accustoming my eye to the faint light of the cavity for a few minutes, I could usually make out the owl at the bottom feigning sleep. Feigning, I say, because this is what he really did, as I first discovered one day when I cut into his retreat with the axe. The loud blows and the falling chips did not disturb him at all.

When I reached in a stick and pulled him over on his side, leaving one of his wings spread out, he made no attempt to recover himself, but lay among the chips and fragments of decayed wood, like a part of themselves. Indeed, it took a sharp eye to distinguish him. Nor till I had pulled him forth by one wing, rather rudely, did he abandon his trick of simulated sleep or death. Then, like a detected pickpocket, he was suddenly transformed into another creature. His eyes flew wide open, his talons clutched my finger, his ears were depressed, and every motion and look said, "Hands off, at your peril." Finding this game did not work, he soon began to "play 'possum" again.

I put a cover over my study wood-box and kept him captive for a week. Look in upon him at any time, night or day, and he was apparently wrapped in the profoundest slumber; but the live mice which I put into his box from time to time found his sleep was easily broken; there would be a sudden rustle in the box, a

faint squeak, and then silence. After a week of captivity I gave him his freedom in the full sunshine: no trouble for him to see which way to go and where to go.

Just at dusk in the winter nights, I often hear his soft *bur-r-r-r*, very pleasing and bell-like. What a furtive, woody sound it is in the winter stillness, so unlike the harsh scream of the hawk. But all the ways of the owl are ways of softness and duskiness. His wings are shod with silence, his plumage is edged with down.

Another owl neighbor of mine, with whom I pass the time of day more frequently than with the last, lives farther away. I pass his castle every night on my way to the post-office, and in winter, if the hour is late enough, am pretty sure to see him standing in his doorway, surveying the passers-by and the landscape through narrow slits in his eyes. For four successive winters now have I observed him.

As the twilight begins to deepen he rises out of his cavity in the apple-tree, scarcely faster than the moon rises from behind the hill, and sits in the opening, completely framed by its outlines of gray bark and dead wood, and by his protective coloring virtually invisible to every eye that does not know he is there. Probably my own is the only eye that has ever penetrated his secret, and mine never would have done so had I not chanced on one occasion to see him leave his retreat

and make a raid upon a shrike that was impaling a shrew-mouse upon a thorn in a neighboring tree, and which I was watching. Failing to get the mouse, the owl returned swiftly to his cavity, and ever since, while going that way, I have been on the lookout for him.

When I come alone and pause to salute him, he opens his eyes a little wider, and, appearing to recognize me, quickly shrinks and fades into the background of his door in a very weird and curious manner. When he is not at his outlook, or when he is, it requires the best powers of the eye to decide the point, as the empty cavity itself is almost an exact image of him. If the whole thing had been carefully studied it could not have answered its purpose better.

The owl stands quite perpendicular, presenting a front of light mottled gray; the eyes are closed to a mere slit, the ear-feathers depressed, the beak buried in the plumage, and the whole attitude is one of silent, motionless waiting and observation. If a mouse should be seen crossing the highway, or scudding over any exposed part of the snowy surface in the twilight, the owl would doubtless swoop down upon it. I think the owl has learned to distinguish me from the rest of the passers-by; at least, when I stop before him and he sees himself observed, he backs down into his den, as I have said, in a very amusing manner.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Oliver Wendell Holmes

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil.
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE FIGHT WITH THE WINDMILLS

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbors, a country laborer, and a good honest fellow, if we may call a poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse, and poor in his brains; and, in short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at last the poor clown consented to go along with him and become his squire.

Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him that it was likely such an adventure would present itself as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises and many

others, Sancho Panza (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbor's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend, and having patched up his headpiece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he might furnish himself with what he thought necessary. Above all, he charged him to provide himself with a wallet; which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which, being a very good one, might be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much afoot.

The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause awhile; he mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant whose squire used to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for it; however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honorably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet.

He also furnished himself with shirts and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry, accord-

ing to the innkeeper's injunctions. Which being done, Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-by, and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued.

As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island which his master had promised him.

Don Quixote happened to strike into the same road which he took the time before, that is, the plains of Monteuil, over which he travelled with less inconveniency than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the morning, at which time the rays of the sun, striking obliquely upon them, did not prove so offensive.

As they jogged on, "I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant," quoth Sancho to his master, "be sure you don't forget what you promised me about the island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big."

"You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires

governors of the islands or kingdoms they have conquered. Now I am not only resolved to keep up that laudable custom, but even to improve it, and outdo my predecessors in generosity; for whereas sometimes, or rather most commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with services, bad days, worse nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province, of great or small extent.

"Now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen that before we have passed six days together I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised."

"Why, should this come to pass," quoth Sancho Panza, "and I be made a king by some such miracle, as your worship says, then Joan Guthierez (my mis'ess) would be at least a queen, and my children infantas."

"Who doubts of that?"

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some

thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms so immense in size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and

no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them; far from that: "Stand, cowards," cried he, as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all!"

At the same time, the wind rising, the mill sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field.

Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow had he and Rozinante received.

"Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your

worship fair warning? Did I not tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded that necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me; but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"Amen, say I," replied Sancho.

And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—J. R. Lowell.

HOW CINCINNATUS SAVED ROME

ALFRED J. CHURCH

He was made Dictator for six months, a thing that may well be noted by those who hold that nothing is to be accounted of value in comparison of riches, and that no man may win great honor or show forth singular virtue unless he be well furnished with wealth. Here in this great peril of the Roman people there was no hope of safety but in one who was cultivating with his own hand a little plot of scarcely three acres of ground. For when the messengers of the people came to him they found him ploughing, or, as some say, digging a ditch.

When they had greeted each other, the messengers said: "May the gods prosper this thing to the Roman people and to thee. Put on thy robe and hear the words of the people." Then said Cincinnatus, being not a little astonished, "Is all well?" and at the same time he called to his wife Racilia that she should bring forth his robe from the cottage. So she brought it forth, and the man wiped from him the dust and the sweat, and clad himself in his robe, and stood before the messengers.

These said to him, "The people of Rome make thee

Dictator, and bid thee come forthwith to the city." And at the same time they told how the Consul and his army were besieged by the Æquians. So Cincinnatus departed to Rome; and when he came to the other side of the Tiber there met him first his three sons, and next many of his kinsfolk and friends, and after them a numerous company of the nobles.

These all conducted him to his house, the lictors, four and twenty in number, marching before him. There was also assembled a very great concourse of the people, fearing much how the Dictator might deal with them, for they knew what manner of man he was, and that there was no limit to his power, nor any appeal from him.

The next day before dawn the Dictator came into the market-place, and appointed one Lucius Tarquinius to be Master of the Horse. This Tarquinius was held by common consent to excel all other men in exercises of war, only, though, being a noble by birth, he should have been among the horsemen, he had served, for lack of means, as a foot-soldier.

This done he called an assembly of the people and commanded that all the shops in the city should be shut; that no man should concern himself with any private business, but all that were of an age to go to war should be present before sunset in the Field of Mars, each man having with him provisions of cooked food for five days, and twelve

stakes. As for them that were past the age, they should prepare the food while the young men made ready their arms and sought for the stakes.

These last they took as they found them, no man hindering them; and when the time appointed by the Dictator was come, all were assembled, ready, as occasion might serve, either to march or to give battle. Forthwith they set out, the Dictator leading the foot-soldiers, and each bidding them that followed make all haste.

"We must needs come," they said, "to our journey's end while it is yet night. Remember that the Consul and his army have been besieged now for three days, and that no man knows what a day or a night may bring forth."

The soldiers themselves also were zealous to obey, crying out to the standard-bearers that they should quicken their steps, and to their fellows that they should not lag behind. Thus they came at midnight to Mount Algidus, and when they perceived that the enemy was at hand they halted the standards. Then the Dictator rode forward to see, so far as the darkness would suffer him, how great was the camp of the Æquians and after what fashion it was pitched. This done, he commanded that the baggage should be gathered together into a heap, and that the soldiers should stand every man in his own place.

After this he compassed about the whole army of the enemy with his own army, and commanded that at a set

signal every man should shout, and when they had shouted should dig a trench and set up therein the stakes. This the soldiers did, and the noise of the shouting passed over the camp of the enemy and came into the city, therein causing great joy, even as it caused great fear in the camp. For the Romans cried, "These be our countrymen, and they bring us help."

Then said the Consul, "We must make no delay. By that shout is signified, not that they are come only, but that they are already dealing with the enemy. Doubtless the camp of the Æquians is even now assailed from without. Take ye your arms and follow me."

So the legion went forth, it being yet night, to the battle, and as they went they shouted, that the Dictator might be aware. Now the Æquians had set themselves to hinder the making of a ditch and rampart which should shut them in; but when the Romans from the camp fell upon them, fearing lest they should make their way through the midst of their camp, they left them that were with Cincinnatus to finish their intrenching, and fought with the Consul. And when it was now light, lo! they were already shut in, and the Romans, having finished their intrenching, began to trouble them.

And when the Æquians perceived that the battle was now on either side of them, they could withstand no longer, but sent ambassadors praying for peace, and saying,

"Ye have prevailed; slay us not, but rather permit us to depart, leaving our arms behind us."

Then said the Dictator, "I care not to have the blood of the Æquians. Ye may depart, but ye shall depart passing under the yoke, that ye may thus acknowledge to all men that ye are indeed vanquished." Now the yoke is thus made. There are set up in the ground two spears, and over them is bound by ropes a third spear. So the Æquians passed under the yoke.

Meanwhile at Rome there was held a meeting of the Senate, at which it was commanded that Cincinnatus should enter the city in triumph, his soldiers following him in order of march. Before his chariot there were led the generals of the enemy; also the standards were carried in the front; and after these came the army, every man laden with spoil. That day there was great rejoicing in the city, every man setting forth a banquet before his doors in the street.

After this, Virginius, that had borne false witness against Cæso, was found guilty of perjury, and went into exile. And when Cincinnatus saw that justice had been done to this evil-doer, he resigned his dictatorship, having held it for sixteen days only.

THE CABIN IN THE FOREST

Hezekiah Butterworth

Audubon says, to use his own beautiful descriptions, at the beginning of the narrative: —

"On my return from the upper Mississippi I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine: all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just been issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

"My march was of long duration. I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodlands, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trail, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-

hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of the wolves gave me hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

"I did so, and almost at the same instant a firelight attracted my eye. I moved toward it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log-cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

"I reached the spot, and presented myself at the door; asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night? Her voice was gruff, and her dress negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not.

"Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, I addressed him in French, a lan-

guage not infrequently partially known to the people of that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other; his face was covered with blood.

"The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

"Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large and untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a timepiece from my pocket, and told the woman that it was late and that I was fatigued. She espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate on her feelings with electric quickness. She told me there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes, I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain, which secured it around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would

make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

"The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him; his eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and, again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us.

"Never till that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

"I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel,

scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and, returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bearskins, made a pallet of them, and, calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

"A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and, asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house? The mother, for so she proved to be, bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently; he moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised toward the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged the last glance with me."

An hour of terror followed. The lads were sinking into a drunken sleep, when the thought of stealing the watch seemed to take possession of the Indian squaw.

She went to one of the lads, and said to him in a voice that Audubon could hear: —

"Settle him, and then I'll have the watch."

The naturalist cocked his gun locks silently, and then touched his faithful dog on the head. The two watched the squaw with intent eyes, the dog bent on one thing only, the safety of his master.

In this hour of suspense some travellers suddenly appeared at the door. Audubon told them his story; the squaw was arrested, and the cabin burned.

Come, let us plant the apple tree;
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade:
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly —
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet,
So plant we the apple tree.

— W. C. Bryant.

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

I went to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days afterward, I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the

aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed, in steady measure, every newcomer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead, and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds and the open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, beholding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband

and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man — while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees were shrill with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky — got the family around him, and, taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling God's benediction on that family and on that home. And while I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said, "Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

MY MOTHER

PIERRE LOTI

I was convalescing from one of the maladies peculiar to children, — measles or whooping-cough, I know not which, — and I had been ordered to remain in bed and to keep warm. By the rays of light that filtered in through the closed shutters, I divined the springtime warmth and brightness of the sun and air, and I felt sad that I had to remain behind the curtains of my tiny white bed; I wished to rise and go out; but most of all I had a desire to see my mother.

The door opened and she entered, smiling. Ah, I remember it so well! I recall so distinctly how she looked as she stood upon the threshold of the door. And I remember that she brought in with her some of the sunlight and balminess of the spring day.

I see again the expression of her face as she looked at me; and I hear the sound of her voice, and recall the details of her beloved dress, that would look funny and old-fashioned to me now. She had returned from her morning shopping, and she wore a straw hat trimmed with yellow roses, and a shawl of lilac barege (it was

the period of the shawl) sprinkled with tiny bouquets of violets. Her dark curls (the poor beloved curls of to-day, alas! so thin and white) were at this time without a gray hair. There was about her the fragrance of the May day, and her face, as it looked that morning with its broad-brimmed hat, is still distinctly present with me. Besides the bouquet of pink hyacinths, she had brought me a tiny watering-pot, an exact imitation in miniature of the crockery ones so much used by the country people.

As she leaned over my bed to embrace me, I felt as if every wish was gratified. I no longer had a desire to weep, nor to rise from my bed, nor to go out. She was with me, and that sufficed.

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, better than any other, what you are yourself. For you show me then what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be.

— Thomas Carlyle.

PLANT A TREE

Lucy Larcom

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy:
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.

Under its green curtain jargons cease:
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
He plants youth:
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear.
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love:
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

JONATHAN SWIFT

I will not trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas. Let it suffice to inform him that, in our passage thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and poor food, and the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down a boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry.

What became of my companions in the boat, as well as

of those who were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone I found myself within my depth: and by this time the storm was much abated.

I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I reached as I conjectured at about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward nearly half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants. I was extremely tired; and with that, and the heat of the weather, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, above nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight.

I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir. I happened to lie on my back, and I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body. I could only look upward. The sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt

something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin. Bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back.

In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterward told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides to the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, "*Hekinah degul.*"

The others repeated the same words several times. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. By lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and, at the same time, with a violent pull, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them. Then there was a great shout, in a

very shrill accent, and, after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, "*Tolgo, phonac.*"

In an instant, I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted, with spears, to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a leather jerkin, which they could not pierce.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased: and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work. Turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, with two or three ladders to mount it. The stage was capable of holding four of the inhabitants, and thence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

But I should have mentioned, that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, "*Langro dehul san*"; whereupon about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right and of observing the person and gestures of him that was to speak. He acted every part of an orator; and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words. Being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience by putting my finger frequently on my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterward learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which fully a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat and bread, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them

by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it toward my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like wine. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, "*Hekinah degul.*"

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forward up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes; often pointing forward; which, as I afterward found, was toward the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed that I must be conveyed.

I answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other, and then to my head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation. However, he made signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon, I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince had several frameworks fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these trucks, three or four hundred yards, to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest vehicle they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving on twenty-two wheels.

This contrivance, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me on it. Eighty poles, each one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung upon the vehicle, and there tied fast.

All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of the medicine in my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep. They climbed upon the wagon, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze vio-

lently; whereupon they stole off unperceived. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us.

ENGLAND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

A DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG

Charles Lamb

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages, ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal. The art of roasting was accidentally discovered in the manner following: —

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes.

Together with the cottage, what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, not less

than nine in number, perished. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage, — he had smelt that smell before, — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through his negligence. He knew not what to think. He stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and, to cool them, he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life — in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it — he tasted — crackling!

Again he felt and fumbled the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the

scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it.

"You graceless boy, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what; what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

And Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste!"

Ho-ti trembled in every joint, while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's, and, applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In

conclusion both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape; nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,— to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,— without leaving the box, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privately, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for

love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices, one and all, shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, who made a discovery that the flesh of any animal might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
It is not only in the rose,
  It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
  Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There always, always, something sings.

— Emerson.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

MOSES SELLS THE COLT

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme. This was nothing less than that as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt which was now grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit.

As the annual fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me to go from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission, and the next morning I perceived his sisters busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business

of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him, to bring home groceries in.

He had on a coat made of that cloth they call "thunder-and-lightning," which though grown too short was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling-green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

When it was almost nightfall, I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedler.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," said Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," replied Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again: "I have laid it all out in a bargain, — and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are, — a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them at a great bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion. "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," said I, "about

selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," said I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have got only a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," said I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"To bring me such stuff!" returned she; "if I had them, I would throw them into the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," said I; "for though they are copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under the pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very

well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon the spectacles, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze
  Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
  There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
  Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

THE TOURNAMENT AT TEMPLESTOWE

Sir Walter Scott

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of St. Michael of Templestowe broke short their argument. One by one the sullen sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in distant echo, ere the air was again filled by repetition of the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the Preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-à-pie in bright armor, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume, bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolu-

tion. He looked ghastly pale, yet reined his pawing warhorse with the ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fitchet and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honor of being one day knights of the Order. After these came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. A coarse white dress of the simplest form had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tiltyard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was

then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfather, dismounted from their horses.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for her, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying doubtless, for her lips moved, though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his Order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud flourish of the trumpets announced that the court was seated for judgment. Malvoisin then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous lord and reverend father," said he, "here standeth the good knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his *devoir* in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her

in a chapter of this most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress — here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honorable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure."

"Hath he made oath," said the Grand Master, "that his quarrel is just and honorable?"

"Sir and most reverend father," answered Malvoisin, readily, "our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good knight Conrade de Mont-Fitchet."

The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud: "Oyez, oyez, oyez. — Here standeth the good knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause."

The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated; and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse's head toward that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

"Is this regular, and according to the law of combat?" said Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

"Albert de Malvoisin, it is," answered Beaumanoir; "for in this appeal to the judgment of God we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel."

In the meantime, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms: "Damsel, the honorable and reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!"

The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid," said Beaumanoir, "that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice! Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman.

When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up toward heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear; it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed — on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. Mount, I say, behind me; in one short hour are pursuit and inquiry far behind."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone! Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place. Surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy."

Albert Malvoisin now advanced to interrupt the conference.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial?"

"She is indeed resolute," said Bois-Guilbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, resume thy place to attend the issue. The shades are changing on the circle of the dial."

As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid his hand on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

The judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

It was the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess accused of sorcery; and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! — a champion!" And despite the prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tiltyard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered

readily and boldly: "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, Our Lady, and St. George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is a good knight, and of honorable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre, remember the Passage of Arms at Ashby, remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of

Ivanhoe, and recover the honor thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court of Europe, in every Preceptory of thine Order, unless thou do battle without farther delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe: "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honorably met with."

"Thus, thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God — to his keeping I commend myself. Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said, "I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce; "I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no, no, thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man; why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed

his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice: "*Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!*" After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on peril of instant death, should dare by word, cry, or action to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller.*

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and the vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat,

commanded him to yield, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master "unshriven and unabsolved — kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed; the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened; but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

— Coleridge.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

ALFRED TENNYSON

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
  To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

THE DELIGHTS OF FARMING

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy, that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again; I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand, he who leads the school in a race. The world is new and interesting to him, and there is so much to take his attention off, when he is sent to do anything. Perhaps he couldn't explain, himself, why, when he is sent to the neighbors after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs; he is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit them.

No other living thing can go so slow as a boy sent on an errand. His legs seem to be lead, unless he happens to espy a woodchuck in an adjoining lot, when he gives chase to it like a deer; and it is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one, and that the more you have to help on a piece of work, the less is accom-

plished. Boys have a great power of helping each other to do nothing; and they are so innocent about it, and unconscious. "I went as quick as ever I could," says the boy; his father asks him why he didn't stay all night, when he has been absent three hours on a ten-minute errand. The sarcasm has no effect on the boy.

Going after the cows was a serious thing in my day. I had to climb a hill, which was covered with wild strawberries in the season. Could any boy pass by those ripe berries? And when in the fragrant hill pasture there were beds of wintergreen with red berries, tufts of columbine, roots of sassafras to be dug, and dozens of things good to eat or to smell, that I could not resist.

It sometimes even lay in my way to climb a tree to look for a crow's nest, or to swing in the top, and to try if I could see the steeple of the village church. It became very important sometimes for me to see that steeple; and in the midst of my investigations the tin horn would blow a great blast from the farmhouse, which would send a cold chill down my back in the hottest days. I knew what it meant. It had a frightfully impatient quiver in it, not at all like the sweet note that called us to dinner from the hayfield. It said, "Why on earth doesn't that boy come home?"

And that was the time the cows had to start into a brisk pace and make up for lost time. I wonder if any boy ever drove the cows home late, who did not say that the cows were at the very farther end of the pasture, and that "Old Brindle" was hidden in the woods, and he couldn't find her for ever so long! The brindle cow is the boy's scapegoat many a time.

No other boy knows how to appreciate a holiday as the farm boy does; and his best ones are of a peculiar kind. Going fishing is of course one sort. The excitement of rigging up the tackle, digging the bait, and the anticipation of great luck, — these are pure pleasures, enjoyed because they are rare. Boys who can go a-fishing any time care but little for it. Tramping all day through bush and brier, fighting flies and mosquitoes, and branches that tangle the line, and snags that break the hook, and returning home late and hungry, with wet feet and a string of speckled trout on a willow twig, and having the family crowd out at the kitchen door to look at them, and say, "Pretty well done for you, bub; did you catch that big one yourself?" — this is also pure happiness, the like of which the boy will never have again, not if he comes to be selectman and deacon and to "keep store."

But the holidays I recall with delight were the two days in spring and fall, when we went to the distant pasture

land, in a neighboring town, maybe, to drive thither the young cattle and colts, and to bring them back again. It was a wild and rocky upland where our great pasture was, many miles from home, the road to it running by a brawling river, and up a dashing brookside among great hills. What a day's adventure it was! It was like a journey to Europe. The night before, I could scarcely sleep for thinking of it, and there was no trouble about getting me up at sunrise that morning. The breakfast was eaten, the luncheon was packed in a large basket, and the cattle were to be collected for the march, and the horses hitched up.

Did I shirk any duty? Was I slow? I think not. I was willing to run my legs off after the frisky steers, who seemed to have an idea they were going on a lark, and frolicked about, dashing into all gates, and through all bars except the right ones. And how cheerfully I did yell at them; it was a glorious chance to "holler," and I have never since heard any public speaker on the stump who could make more noise. I have often thought it fortunate that the amount of noise in a boy does not increase in proportion to his size; if it did, the world could not contain it.

The whole day was full of excitement and of freedom. We were away from the farm, which to a boy is one of the best parts of farming; we saw other farms and other

people at work; I had the pleasure of marching along, and swinging my whip, past boys whom I knew, who were picking up stones.

Every turn of the road, every bend and rapid of the river, the great boulders by the wayside, the watering-troughs, the giant pine that had been struck by lightning, the mysterious covered bridge over the river where it was most swift and rocky and foamy, the chance eagle in the blue sky, the sense of going somewhere, — why, as I recall these things I feel that even the Prince Imperial, as he used to dash on horseback through the Bois de Boulogne, with fifty mounted hussars clattering at his heels, and crowds of people cheering, could not have been as happy as was I, a boy in short jacket and shorter pantaloons, trudging in the dust that day behind the steers and colts, cracking my blackstock whip.

I wish the journey would never end; but at last, by noon, we reach the pastures and turn in the herd; and, after making the tour of the lots to make sure there are no breaks in the fence, we take our luncheon from the wagon and eat it under the trees by the spring.

This is the supreme moment of the day. This is the way to live; this is like the Swiss Family Robinson, and all the rest of my delightful acquaintances in romance. Baked beans, rye-and-indian bread (moist, remember), doughnuts, cheese, and pie. What richness! You may

live to dine at Delmonico's, but you will get there neither doughnuts nor pie, nor anything so good as that luncheon at noon in the old pasture, high among the Massachusetts hills! Nor will you ever, if you live to be the oldest boy in the world, have any holiday equal to the one I have described. But I always regretted that I did not take along a fishline, just to "throw in" the brook we passed. I know there were trout there.

REST

GOETHE

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere:

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife;
Fleeting to ocean,
After its life:

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving.
And this is true rest.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
Oh, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

—Scott.

LINCOLN

James Russell Lowell

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

* * * * *

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes:
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

It has been said that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of colonist Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this republic — Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American; and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government; charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering, that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty.

AN ITINERANT PIONEER PREACHER

MAURICE THOMPSON

At one time Elder Thompson was making a journey on horseback from the eastern part of the State of Indiana to the Wabash valley. On his saddle he had a pair of leather saddle-bags, in one of which were his changes of clothing, while in the other was his food. Crosswise on the pommel he bore his long rifle, while strapped to the rear of his saddle was a comfortable blanket. At his side hung a coonskin bullet pouch, containing, besides bullets and patching, a good supply of punk and flints and a piece of steel with which to strike fire.

The punk used by pioneers was a peculiar, dry, spongy wood found in the knots on the trunks and larger branches of trees. Hickory trees, especially, furnished excellent punk. But the substance was not plentiful, and so had great value as a necessary part of the hunter's and traveller's supplies. It was absolutely necessary to keep it dry; the least dampness rendered it useless. Hence, it was usually wrapped carefully in a piece of

buckskin, and carried either in the pocket or at the bottom of the bullet pouch.

To start a fire, a small bit of the punk was held close to the edge of a flint, which, when smartly struck with a piece of steel, let fall a shower of sparks upon it. When one of these sparks took hold, the punk was surrounded loosely with dry tow or leaves, which were fanned into flame by being whirled in the hand. Then with dry kindling wood, a good fire was soon built, and the hungry traveller could broil his venison and parch his corn, or roast his "roasting-ear."

One day about noon Elder Thompson found himself on a thinly wooded ridge of land many miles from any white settlement. A slow, fine rain was falling, and the air was raw and went to the marrow with its chill. The trees were dripping; the underbrush was beaded with water. Tired and hungry, Elder Thompson stopped here to prepare his dinner; but how could he make a fire in this rain with all the fuel wet? His punk and tow were perfectly dry; that part of the requisites was all right. The trouble was to find wood that could be set on fire by the tow's weak and short-lived flame.

With a light hatchet which he carried in the saddle-bags he began chipping and testing every stump and log in the vicinity. All were thoroughly water-soaked, and he had nearly exhausted his patience, when at last,

in splitting open a small beech knot, he found the dry nest of a mouse, filling a hollow at the centre. In this he placed the handful of burning tow; the knot caught well and he soon had a fire, by which he broiled his last remnants of pork and venison. As was his way, he invoked the divine blessing before he began to eat this lonely meal, and just then five Indian men stalked into his presence and grunted a friendly salute.

This was very embarrassing, for the good elder saw that the savage visitors were hungry and expected to join him in the repast. Moreover, Indian etiquette required him to offer his food, and he felt it dangerous to neglect the formality. Imagine his feelings, then, by trying to put yourself in his place, when the five stalwart men silently accepted his hospitality and ate every morsel of the meat!

As soon as they had made an end of the feast, they grunted forth thanks, and stolidly went their way. Elder Thompson continued his journey, hungry, wet, and cold, until nearly nightfall. He could see no game, not even a squirrel. It is safe to say that he remembered his savage visitors with no pleasant feeling for them; and now, all of a sudden, they came upon him again, well mounted and armed. He was not glad to see them; but they made friendly signs of recognition, and one of them spoke: —

"White man give Indian to eat. Indian give white man to eat."

Thereupon they made a great fire in a hollow, where they had a camp, and gave the preacher a banquet, took care of him through the night, and next morning loaded him with provisions for his day's journey. Nor was this more than he might have expected; for Indians rarely, if ever, failed to be grateful for a kindness and to return it with interest. Had the elder done them an injury, they would have avenged it just as rigidly as they rewarded his enforced hospitality.

A SPRING MORNING

ROBERT BROWNING

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world.

IF I LIVE TILL SUNDOWN

Henry Woodfin Grady

A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard, as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars.

Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved, and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lanterns grew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another.

As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives till sundown to-mor-

row he will get well." And again leaving him, not to death, but with hope, all night long these words fell into his heart as the dews fell from the stars upon his lips, "If he but lives till sundown, he will get well."

He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard, and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown, I shall see it again. I shall walk down the shady lane; I shall open the battered gate, and the mocking-bird will call to me from the orchard, and I shall drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the

neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown, I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes, and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown, I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head, while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their little hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I live till sundown, they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her, and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown, I shall see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and

weep away all memory of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the staunch until the sun went down and the stars came out, and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

AT THE MONUMENT

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

My little child about the Monument,
Climbs with slow step and awed and wondering eyes,
And in soft treble questions me and tries
To gather something of the shaft's intent.
And as on me her trusting gaze is bent
And she repeats her many "whens" and "whys,"
She hears, as of some fable of the skies,
Why the gray column toward the heavens is sent.
And I am moved, thinking how tales of wars
Mean not so much to her as foolish rhyme
In her sweet ignorance of wounds and scars!
This is a plot to play in for a time, —
The shaft a mighty pillar of the stars
With easy steps for baby feet to climb!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS M. FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

— Theodore O'Hara.

MORN TILL NIGHT ON A FLORIDA RIVER

SIDNEY LANIER

For a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat *Marion* had started on her voyage some hours before daylight. She had taken on her passengers the night previous. By seven o'clock on such a May morning as no words could describe we had made twenty-five miles up the St. Johns. At this point the Ocklawaha flows into the St. Johns.

Presently we abandoned the broad highway of the St. Johns, and turned off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha. This is the sweetest water-lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than one hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedge-rows of oaks and cypresses and palms and magnolias and mosses and vines; a lane clean to travel, for there is never a speck of dust in it save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft seemed to emit her steam in leisurely whiffs. Dick, the pole-man, lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, and spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the heron, the water-turkey, were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by, that we were really no monster, but only some day-dream of a monster.

"Look at that snake in the water!" said a gentleman, as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch.

The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water-turkey," he said, gently.

The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird; he is a neck with such subordinate rights, members, belongings, and heirlooms as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black.

When he saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared.

Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was drowned. Presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water. In this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and poked it spirally into the east, the west, the north, and the south, round and round with a violence and energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous contortion for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water-snake.

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy reptile of good repute. A little cove of water, dark green under the overhanging leaves, placid and clear, curves round at the river edge into the flags and lilies, with a curve just heart-breaking for its pure beauty. This house of the alligator is divided into apartments, little bays which are scalloped out by the lily-pads, according to the winding fancies of their growth.

My reptile, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere; he will find marvellous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily-petals;

and the green disks of the lily-pads will straightway embroider themselves together above him for his coverlet. He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one housemaid — the stream — forever sweeps his chambers clean.

His parks and his pleasure-grounds are larger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see. Regarding fire, as he does not use it as a slave, so he does not fear it as a tyrant.

Thus all the elements are the friends of my alligator's house. While he sleeps he is being bathed. What glory to awake sweetened and freshened by the sole, careless act of sleep!

Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and can change his dwelling as no human householder may; it is but a flip of his tail and lo! he is established in another place as good as the last, ready furnished to his liking.

On and on up the river! We find it a river without banks. The swift, deep current meanders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on either side, there is water also — a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of a multitude of trees.

Along the edges of the stream every tree-trunk, sapling, and stump is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. The edges of the stream are also defined by flowers and

water-leaves. The tall, blue flags, the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones, the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses — all these border the river in an infinite variety of adornment.

And now, after this day of glory, came a night of glory. Deep down in these shaded lanes it was dark indeed as the night drew on. The stream, which had been all day a girdle of beauty, blue or green, now became a black band of mystery. But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: they have lighted the pine-knots on the top of the pilot-house. The fire advances up these dark windings like a brilliant god. The startled birds suddenly flutter into the light and after an instant of illuminated flight melt into the darkness. From the perfect silence of these short flights one derives a certain sense of awe.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash; limbs and leaves scrape and scrub along the deck; a little bell tinkles; we stop. In turning a short curve, the boat has run her nose smack into the right bank, and a projecting stump has thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out, Dick! Out, Henry! Dick and Henry shuffle forward to the bow, thrust forth their long white pole against a tree-trunk, strain and push and bend to the deck. Our bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns, and we puff quietly along.

And now it is bedtime. Let me tell you how to sleep on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim, the steward, to take the mattress out of your berth and lay it slanting just along the railing that encloses the lower part of the deck in front and to the left of the pilot-house. Lie flat on your back down on the mattress, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head, on account of the night air, fold your arms, and fall asleep with a star looking right down on your eye. When you wake in the morning you will feel as new as Adam.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, Arise!

— SHAKESPEARE.

THE TENT SCENE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? — What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me:
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible!

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What! Durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass me by as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me: —
For I can raise no money by vile means:
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath rived my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius:
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Then ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

—J. R. Lowell.

A DAY WITH SIR ROGER

Joseph Addison

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood.

I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which, my friend, Sir Roger, acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down his dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor

if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law' of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole: when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-One, if he pleased, might "take the law of him" for fishing in that part of the river. My friend, Sir Roger, heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither

of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was set before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit."

I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend, Sir Roger, was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people, that Sir Roger "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted when the court rose to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had, some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter.

As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered by a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter

by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head.

I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room.

I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior to them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

THE PAST

HENRY TIMROD

To-day's most trivial act may hold the seed
Of future fruitfulness, or future dearth;
Oh, cherish always every word and deed!
The simplest record of thyself hath worth.

If thou hast ever slighted one old thought,
Beware lest Grief enforce the truth at last;
The time must come wherein thou shalt be taught
The value and the beauty of the Past.

Not merely as a warner and a guide,
"A voice behind thee," sounding to the strife;
But something never to be put aside,
A part and parcel of thy present life.

Not as a distant and a darkened sky,
Through which the stars peep, and the moonbeams glow;
But a surrounding atmosphere, whereby
We live and breathe, sustained in pain and woe.

A shadowy land, where joy and sorrow kiss,
Each still to each corrective and relief,
Where dim delights are brightened into bliss,
And nothing wholly perishes but Grief.

Ah, me! — not dies — no more than spirit dies;
But in a change like death is clothed with wings;
A serious angel, with entrancèd eyes,
Looking to far-off and celestial things.

THE NOBLE NATURE

BEN JONSON

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night, —
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

WHO OWNS THE MOUNTAINS?

HENRY VAN DYKE

Then said the lad, lying on the grass beside me, "Father, who owns the mountains?"

I happened to have heard, the day before, of two or three lumber companies that had bought some of the woodland slopes; so I told him their names, adding that there were probably a good many different owners, whose claims taken all together would cover the whole Franconia range of hills.

"Well," answered the lad, after a moment of silence, "I don't see what difference that makes. Everybody can look at them."

They lay stretched out before us in the level sunlight, the sharp peaks outlined against the sky, the vast ridges of forest sinking smoothly toward the valleys, the deep hollows gathering purple shadows in their bosoms, and the little foothills standing out in rounded promontories of brighter green from the darker mass behind them.

They were all ours, from crested cliff to wooded base. The solemn groves of firs and spruces, the plumed sierras

of lofty pines, the stately pillared forests of birch and beech, the wild ravines, the tremulous thickets of silvery poplar, the bare peaks with their wide outlooks, and the cool vales resounding with the ceaseless song of little rivers, — we knew and loved them all; they ministered peace and joy to us; they were all ours, though we held no title deeds and our ownership had never been recorded.

What is property, after all? The law says there are two kinds, real and personal. But it seems to me that the only real property is that which is truly personal, that which we take into our inner life and make our own forever, by understanding and admiration and sympathy and love. This is the only kind of possession that is worth anything.

What does it profit a man to be the landed proprietor of countless acres unless he can reap the harvest of delight that blooms from every rood of God's earth for the seeing eye and the loving spirit? And who can reap that harvest so closely that there shall not be abundant gleaning left for all mankind? The most that a wide estate can yield to its legal owner is a living. But the real owner can gather from a field of golden-rod, shining in the August sunlight, an unearned increment of delight.

We measure success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most has most.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

They say that God lives very high;
  But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
  You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is good, He wears a fold
  Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
  Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
  On my shut lips, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and said,
  "Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

JONATHAN'S FRIENDSHIP

And Jonathan said unto David, "Come, and let us go out into the field." And they went out both of them into the field.

And Jonathan said unto David, "O Lord God of Israel, when I have sounded my father about to-morrow any time, or the third day, and, behold, if there be good toward David, and I then send not unto thee, and show it thee; the Lord do so and much more to Jonathan: but if it please my father to do thee evil, then I will show it thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father. And thou shalt not only while yet I live show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth."

So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, "Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies." And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him as he loved his own soul. Then Jonathan said to David, "To-morrow is the

new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark.

"And, behold, I will send a lad saying, 'Go, find out the arrows.' If I expressly say unto the lad, 'Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them;' then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt; as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus unto the young man, 'Behold, the arrows are beyond thee;' go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away.

"And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me for ever."

So David hid himself in the field; and when the new moon was come, the king sat him down to eat meat. And the king sat upon his seat, as at other times, even upon a seat by the wall: and Jonathan arose, and Abner sat by Saul's side, and David's place was empty.

Nevertheless Saul spoke not any thing that day: for he thought, "Something hath befallen him, he is not clean; surely he is not clean."

And it came to pass on the morrow, which was the

second day of the month, that David's place was empty: and Saul said unto Jonathan his son, "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor to-day?" And Jonathan answered Saul, "David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Beth-lehem: and he said, 'Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there: and now, if I have found favor in thine eyes, let me get away, I pray thee, and see my brethren.' Therefore he cometh not unto the king's table."

Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, "Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."

And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him, "Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done?"

And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him: whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to slay David.

So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month: for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

TO THE RESCUE

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The night had set in dark and chilling, as Frances Wharton, with a beating heart but light step, moved through the little garden that lay behind the farm-house which had been her brother's prison, and took her way to the foot of the mountain, where she had seen the figure of him she supposed to be the peddler. It was still early, but the darkness and the dreary nature of a November evening would, at any other moment, or with less inducement to exertion, have driven her back in terror to the circle she had left. Without pausing to reflect, however, she flew over the ground with a rapidity that seemed to bid defiance to all impediments, nor stopped even to breathe, until she had gone half the distance to the rock that she had marked as the spot where Birch made his appearance on that very morning.

The chilling air sighed through the leafless branches of the gnarled and crooked oaks, as with a step so light as hardly to rustle the dry leaves on which she trod, Frances moved forward to that part of the hill where she expected to find this secluded habitation; but nothing

could she discern that in the least resembled a dwelling of any sort. In vain she examined every recess of the rocks, or inquisitively explored every part of the summit that she thought could hold the tenement of the peddler. No hut, nor any vestige of a human being, could she trace.

The idea of her solitude struck on the terrified mind of the affrighted girl, and approaching to the edge of a shelving rock she bent forward to gaze on the signs of life in the vale, when a ray of keen light dazzled her eyes, and a warm air diffused itself over her whole frame. Recovering from her surprise, Frances looked on the ledge beneath her, and at once perceived that she stood directly over the object of her search. A hole through its roof afforded a passage to the smoke, which, as it blew aside, showed her a clear and cheerful fire crackling and snapping on a rude hearth of stone. The approach to the front of the hut was by a winding path around the point of the rock on which she stood, and by this she advanced to its door.

Three sides of this singular edifice, if such it could be called, were composed of logs laid alternately on each other, to a little more than the height of a man; and the fourth was formed by the rock against which it leaned. The roof was made of the bark of trees, laid in long strips from the rock to its eaves; the fissures between the logs had been stuffed with clay, which in many places had

fallen out, and dried leaves were made use of as a substitute, to keep out the wind. A single window of four panes of glass was in front, but a board carefully closed it, in such a manner as to emit no light from the fire within. After pausing some time to view this singularly constructed hiding-place, for such Frances well knew it to be, she applied her eye to a crevice to examine the inside.

But it was the occupant of the hut in whom Frances was chiefly interested. This was a man, sitting on the stool, with his head leaning on his hand, in such a manner as to conceal his features, and deeply occupied in examining some open papers. On the table lay a pair of curiously and richly mounted horsemen's pistols, and the handle of a sheathed rapier, of exquisite workmanship, protruded from between the legs of the gentleman, one of whose hands carelessly rested on its guard.

The tall stature of this unexpected tenant of the hut, and his form, much more athletic than that of either Harvey or her brother, told Frances, without the aid of his dress, that it was neither of those she sought. A close surtout was buttoned high in the throat of the stranger, and parting at his knees, showed breeches of buff, with military boots and spurs. His hair was dressed so as to expose the whole face; and, after the fashion of the day, it was profusely powdered. A round hat was laid on the

stones that formed a paved floor to the hut, as if to make room for a large map, which, among the other papers, occupied the table.

This was an unexpected event to our adventurer. She had been so confident that the figure twice seen was the peddler, that, on learning his agency in her brother's escape, she did not in the least doubt of finding them both in the place, which, she now discovered, was occupied by another and a stranger. She stood, earnestly looking through the crevice, hesitating whether to retire, or to wait with the expectation of yet meeting Henry, when, as the stranger moved his hand before his eyes, and raised his face, apparently in deep musing, Frances instantly recognized the benevolent and strongly marked, but composed features of Harper.

All that Dunwoodie had said of his power and disposition, all that he had himself promised her brother, and all the confidence that had been created by his dignified and paternal manner, rushed across the mind of Frances, who threw open the door of the hut, and falling at his feet, clasped his knees with her arms, as she cried:

"Save him — save him — save my brother; remember your promise and save him!"

Harper had risen as the door opened, and there was a slight movement of one hand toward his pistols; but it was cool and instantly checked. He raised the hood of

the cardinal, which had fallen over her features, and exclaimed, with some uneasiness, —

"Miss Wharton! But you cannot be alone?"

"There is none here but my God and you; and by His sacred name, I conjure you to remember your promise and save my brother!"

Harper gently raised her from her knees, and placed her on the stool, begging her at the same time to be composed, and to acquaint him with the nature of her errand. This Frances instantly did, ingenuously admitting him to a knowledge of all her views in visiting this lone spot at such an hour and by herself.

It was at all times difficult to probe the thoughts of one who held his passions in such disciplined subjugation as Harper, but still there was a lighting of his thoughtful eye, and a slight unbending of his muscles, as the hurried and anxious girl proceeded in her narrative. His interest, as she dwelt upon the manner of Henry's escape and the flight to the woods, was deep and manifest, and he listened to the remainder of her tale with a marked expression of benevolent indulgence. Her apprehensions, that her brother might still be too late through the mountains, seemed to have much weight with him, for, as she concluded, he walked a turn or two across the hut, in silent musing.

He then paused, and, taking the hand of Frances, spoke as follows: —

"You have this night saved your brother, Miss Wharton. It would not be proper for me to explain why there are limits to my ability to serve him; but if you can detain the horse for two hours, he is assuredly safe. After what you have already done, I can believe you equal to any duty. God has denied to me children, young lady; but if it had been His blessed will that my marriage should not have been childless, such a treasure as yourself would I have asked from His mercy. But you are my child: all who dwell in this broad land are my children, and my care; and take the blessing of one who hopes yet to meet you in happier days."

He then mounted his horse, and lifting his hat, rode towards the back of the mountain, descending at the same time, and soon hid by the trees. Frances sprang forward with a lightened heart, and taking the first path that led downward, in a few minutes she reached the plain in safety. While busied in stealing through the meadows towards the house, the noise of horse approaching startled her, and she felt how much more was to be apprehended from man, in some situations, than from solitude.

Hiding her form in the angle of a fence near the road, she remained quiet for a moment, and watched their passage. A small party of dragoons, whose dress was different from the Virginians, passed at a brisk trot. They were followed by a gentleman, enveloped in a large

cloak, whom she at once knew to be Harper. Behind him rode a black in livery, and two youths in uniform brought up the rear. Instead of taking the road that led by the encampment, they turned short to the left, and entered the hills.

Wondering who this unknown but powerful friend of her brother could be, Frances glided across the fields, and using due precautions in approaching the dwelling, regained her residence undiscovered and in safety.

The whole essence of true gentle-breeding lies in the wish and art to be agreeable. Every look, movement, tone, expression, subject of discourse, that may give pain to another is habitually excluded from conversational intercourse.

—O. W. Holmes.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.

—Thackeray.

DAFFODILS

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

CHARLES LAMB

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile amain.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, — 'tis well, —
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roams, —
Knock when you will, — he's sure to be at home.

WATERLOO

VICTOR HUGO

At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. He saw the plateau of Mont Saint Jean suddenly laid bare, and the front of the English army disappear. It rallied, but kept concealed. The emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flash of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington hurled back on the forest of Soignes and destroyed; that was the final overthrow of England by France; it was Cressy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, and Ramillies avenged. The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt.

The emperor then contemplating this terrible turn of fortune, swept his glass for the last time over every point of the battlefield. His guard standing behind with grounded arms, looked up to him with a sort of religion. He was reflecting; he was examining the slopes, noting the ascents, scrutinizing the tuft of trees, the square rye field, the footpath; he seemed to count every bush. He looked for some time at the English barricades on the two roads, two large abatis of trees, that on the Genappe road above La Haie

Sainte, armed with two cannon, which alone, of all the English artillery, bore upon the bottom of the field of battle, and that of the Nivelles road where glistened the Dutch bayonets of Cassé's brigade. He noticed near that barricade the old chapel of Saint Nicholas, painted white, which is at the corner of the crossroad toward Braine l'Alleud. He bent over and spoke in an undertone to the guide Lacoste. The guide made a negative sign of the head, probably treacherous.

The emperor rose up and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint Jean. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons. Aid-de-camp Bernard brought them the emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabres drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descending

with an even movement and as one man — with the precision of a bronze battering ram opening a breach.

An odd numerical coincidence; twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and, upon two lines — seven on the first, and six on the second — with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent, and immovable.

They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces with gray mustaches, crying *Vive l'Empereur!* All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at

the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch, a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile.

The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of the Dubois brigade sank into this abyss. Here the loss of the battle began.

At the same time with the ravine, the artillery was unmasked. Sixty cannons and the thirteen squares thundered and flashed into the cuirassiers. The brave General Delord gave the military salute to the English

battery. All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. The disaster of the sunken road had decimated, but not discouraged them. They were men who, diminished in number, grew greater in heart. Wathier's column alone had suffered from the disaster; Delord's, which Ney had sent obliquely to the left, as if he had a presentiment of the snare, arrived entire. The cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the English squares.

At full gallop, with free rein, their sabres in their teeth, and their pistols in their hands, the attack began. There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man even to changing the soldier into a statue, and all this flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch. Then it was frightful. At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these sombre words: *Blücher, or night!*

It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frischemont. Here is the turning point in this colossal drama.

The rest is known; the irruption of a third army, the battle thrown out of joint, eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth, a new battle falling at nightfall upon our dismantled regiments, the whole English line assuming the offensive and pushed forward, the gigan-

tic gap made in the French army, the English grape and Prussian grape lending mutual aid, extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank, the Guard entering into line amid this terrible crumbling.

Feeling that they were going to their death, they cried out: *Vive l'Empereur!* There is nothing more touching in history than this death agony bursting forth in acclamations.

In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and with a bewildered eye was turning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again, mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

The years
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none
Wiser than this,—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly.

—J. R. Lowell.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

LORD BYRON

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before;
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.

* * * * * *

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

LANGUAGE THAT NEEDS A REST

Willis B. Hawkins

I was awakened in the middle of the night by a disturbance in the library. It did not seem to be the noise of burglars. It was more like the murmuring sound of many tongues engaged in a spirited debate. I listened closely and concluded it must be some sort of discussion being held by the words in my big unabridged dictionary. Creeping softly to the door, I stood and listened.

"I don't care," said the little word *Of*. "I may not be very big, but that is no reason why everybody should take advantage of me. I am the most mercilessly overworked word in the dictionary, and there is no earthly reason for it, either. People say they 'consider of' and 'approve of' and 'accept of' and 'admit of' all sorts of things. Then they say 'all of us,' and 'both of them,' and 'first of all,' and tell about 'looking out of' the window, or cutting a piece of bread 'off of' the loaf, until I am utterly tired out."

"Pshaw!" said the word *Up*, "I am not much bigger than you, and I do twice as much work, and a great deal of it needlessly, too. People 'wake up' in the morning

and 'get up' and 'shake up' their beds and 'dress up' and 'wash up' and 'draw up' to the table and 'eat up' and 'drink up' their breakfast. Then they 'jump up' from the table and 'hurry up' to the corner, where the street-car driver 'pulls up' his horses and the passengers 'ascend up' the steps and 'go up' into the front seats, and the conductor 'takes up' the tickets. All this is done even before people 'get up' town and 'take up' their day's work. From that time until they 'put up' their books and 'shut up' their offices I do more work than any two words in this book; and even after business hours I am worked until people 'lock up' their homes and 'go up' to bed and 'cover themselves up' and 'shut up' their eyes for the night. It would take a week to tell you what I have to 'put up' with in a day, and I am a good deal 'worked up' over it."

"I agree that both *Up* and *Of* are very much overworked," said the word *Stated*, "but I think I myself deserve a little sympathy. I am doing not only my own legitimate work, but also that which ought to be done by my friend *Said*. Nobody 'says' anything nowadays; he always 'states' it."

"I do a great deal of needless work," said the word *But*. "People say they have no doubt 'but that' it will rain, and that they shouldn't wonder 'but what' it would snow, until I don't know 'but' I shall strike."

"What I have most to complain about," said the word *As*, "is that I am forced to associate so much with the word *Equally*. Only yesterday a man said he could 'see equally as well as' another man. I don't see what business *Equally* had in that sentence."

"Well," retorted *Equally*, "men every day say that something is 'equally as good' as something else, and I don't see what business *As* has in that sentence."

"I think," said *Propriety*, "you two should be divorced by mutual consent."

There was a fluttering sound and a clamor of voices.

"We, too, ought to be granted divorce," was the substance of what they said; and among the voices I recognized those of the following-named couples: *Cover Over*, *Enter In*, *From Thence*, *Go Fetch*, *Have Got*, *Latter End*, *Continue On*, *Converse Together*, *New Beginner*, *Old Veteran*, *Return Back*, *Rise Up*, *Sink Down*, *They Both*, *Try And*, *More Perfect*, *Seldom Ever*, *Almost Never*, *Feel Badly*, *United Together*, *Two First*, *An One*, *Over Again*, *Repeat Again*, and many others.

When quietude had been restored, the word *Rest* said: "You words all talk of being overworked, as if that were the worst thing that could happen to a fellow, but I tell you it is much worse to be cut out of your own work. Now, look at me. Here I am ready and willing to perform my part in the speech of the day, but almost everybody passes

me by and employs my awkward friend, *Balance*. It is the commonest thing in the world to hear people say they will pay the 'balance' of a debt or will sleep the 'balance' of the night."

"If it is my turn," said the word *Among*, "I should like to protest against *Mr. Between* doing my work. The idea of people saying a man divided an orange 'between' his three children! It humiliates me."

"It is no worse," said the word *Fewer*, "than to have people say there were 'less' men in one army than in another."

"No," added *More Than;* "and no worse than to have them say there were 'over' one hundred thousand men."

"It seems to me," said the word *Likely*, "that nobody has more reason for complaint than I have. My friend *Liable* is doing nearly all my work. They say a man is 'liable' to be sick or 'liable' to be out of town, when the question of liability does not enter into the matter at all."

"You're no worse off than I am," said the little word *So*. "That fellow *Such* is doing all my work. People say there never was 'such' a glorious country as this, when, of course, they mean there never was 'so' glorious a country elsewhere."

I saw that there was likely to be no end to this dis-

cussion, since half the words in the dictionary were making efforts to put in their complaints, so I returned to my couch; and I will leave it to any person reading this account whether I had not already heard enough to make me or anybody else sleepy.

"IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM AND FREE"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

EMERSON IN YOSEMITE

John Muir

During my first years in the Sierra I was ever calling on everybody within reach to admire them, but I found no one half warm enough until Emerson came. I had read his essays, and felt sure that of all men he would best interpret the sayings of these noble mountains and trees. Nor was my faith weakened when I met him in Yosemite. He seemed as serene as a sequoia, his head in the empyrean; and forgetting his age, plans, duties, ties of every sort, I proposed an immeasurable camping trip back in the heart of the mountains. He seemed anxious to go, but considerately mentioned his party.

"Never mind," I said. "The mountains are calling; run away, and let plans and parties and dragging lowland duties all 'gang tapsal-teerie.' We'll go up a cañon singing your own song, 'Good-by, proud world! I'm going home,' in divine earnest. Up there lies a new heaven and a new earth; let us go to the show." But alas, it was too late,—too near the sundown of his life. The shadows were growing long, and he leaned on his friends.

After spending only five tourist days in Yosemite he was led away; but I saw him two days more, for I was kindly invited to go with the party as far as the Mariposa

big trees. I told Mr. Emerson that I would gladly go to the sequoias with him, if he would camp in the grove. He consented heartily, and I felt sure that we would have at least one good wild memorable night around a sequoia camp-fire.

Next day we rode through the magnificent forests of the Merced basin, and I kept calling his attention to the sugar pines, quoting his wood notes, "Come listen what the pine tree saith," pointing out the noblest as kings and high priests, the most eloquent and commanding preachers of all the mountain forests, stretching forth their century-old arms in benediction over the worshipping congregations crowded about them. He gazed in devout admiration, saying but little, while his fine smile faded away.

Early in the afternoon, when we reached Clark's Station, I was surprised to see the party dismount. And when I asked if we were not going up into the grove to camp, they said: "No; it would never do to lie out in the night air. Mr. Emerson might take cold; and you know, Mr. Muir, that would be a dreadful thing." In vain I urged that only in homes and hotels were colds caught, that nobody ever was known to take cold camping in these woods, that there was not a single cough or sneeze in all the Sierra.

Then I pictured the big climate-changing, inspiring fire I would make, praised the beauty and fragrance of sequoia

flame, told how the great trees would stand about us transfigured in the purple light, while the stars looked down between the great domes; ending by urging them to come on and make an immortal Emerson night of it. But the house habit was not to be overcome, nor the strange dread of pure night air, though it is only cooled day air with a little dew in it.

The poor bit of measured time was soon spent, and while the saddles were being adjusted I again urged Emerson to stay.

"You are yourself a sequoia," I said. "Stop and get acquainted with your big brethren." But he was past his prime, and was now as a child in the hands of his affectionate friends. It was the afternoon of the day and the afternoon of his life, and his course was now westward down all the mountains into the sunset. The party mounted and rode away in wondrous contentment, around the bases of the big trees, up the slope of the sequoia basin, and over the divide. I followed to the edge of the grove. Emerson lingered in the rear of the train, and when he reached the top of the ridge, after all the rest of the party were over and out of sight, he turned his horse, took off his hat, and waved me a last good-by.

I felt lonely, so sure had I been that Emerson, of all men, would be the quickest to see the mountains and sing them. Gazing awhile on the spot where he vanished, I

sauntered back into the heart of the grove, made a bed of sequoia plumes and ferns by the side of a stream, gathered a store of firewood, and then walked about until sundown. The birds, robins, thrushes, warblers, that had kept out of sight, came about me, now that all was quiet, and made cheer. After sundown I built a great fire, and as usual had it all to myself. And though lonesome for the first time in these forests, I quickly took heart again, — the trees had not gone to Boston, nor the birds; and as I sat by the fire, Emerson was still with me in spirit, though I never again saw him in the flesh.

He sent books and wrote, cheering me on; advised me not to stay too long in solitude. Soon he hoped that my guardian angel would intimate that my probation was at a close. Then I was to roll up my herbariums, sketches, and poems and come to his house; and when I was tired of him and his humble surroundings, he would show me better people.

But there remained many a forest to wander through, many a mountain and glacier to cross, before I was to see his Wachusett and Monadnock, Boston and Concord. It was seventeen years after our parting on the Wawona ridge that I stood beside his grave under a pine tree on the hill above Sleepy Hollow. He had gone to higher Sierras, and, as I fancied, was again waving his hand in friendly recognition.

DEAD CALM AT SEA

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up against the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

The first imposing armed movement against the colonies, on the 19th of April, 1775, did not take the people by surprise. For ten years they had seen the possibility, for five years the probability, and for at least a year the certainty, of the contest. They quietly organized, watched, and waited. As the spring advanced, it was plain that some movement would be made. On Tuesday, the 18th, Gage, the British commander, who had decided to send a force to Concord to destroy the stores, picketed the roads from Boston into Middlesex to prevent any report of the intended march from spreading into the country. But the very air was electric. In the tension of the popular mind every sight and sound was significant.

It was part of Gage's plan to seize Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington; and on the evening of the 18th, the Committee of Safety at Cambridge sent them word to beware, for suspicious officers were abroad. In the afternoon one of the governor's grooms strolled into a stable where John Ballard was cleaning a horse. John Ballard

was a Son of Liberty, and when the groom idly hinted at what might take place next morning, John's heart leaped and his hand shook; and, asking the groom to finish cleaning the horse, he ran to a friend, who carried the news straight to Paul Revere, who told him he had already heard it from two other persons.

That evening, at ten o'clock, eight hundred British troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, took boat at the foot of the Common and crossed to the Cambridge shore. Gage thought his secret had been kept, but Lord Percy, who had heard the people say on the Common that the troops would miss their aim, undeceived him. Gage instantly ordered that no one should leave town. But as the troops crossed the river, Ebenezer Dorr, with a message to Hancock and Adams, was riding over the Neck to Roxbury, and Paul Revere was rowing over the river to Charlestown, having agreed with his friend, Robert Newman, to show lanterns from the belfry of the old North Church — "One if by land, and two if by sea" — as a signal of the march of the British.

Already the moon was rising, and while the troops were stealthily landing at Lechmere Point, their secret was flashing out into the April night; and Paul Revere, springing into the saddle, upon the Charlestown shore, spurred away into Middlesex. "How far that little candle throws its beams!" The modest spire yet stands,

revered relic of the old town of Boston, of those brave men and of their deeds. Startling the land that night with the warning of danger, let it remind the land forever of the patriotism with which that danger was averted, and for our children, as for our fathers, still stand secure, the Pharos of American liberty.

It was a brilliant night. The winter had been unusually mild, and the spring very forward. The hills were already green. The early grain waved in the fields, and the air was sweet with the blossoming orchards. Already the robins whistled, the bluebirds sang, and the benediction of peace rested upon the landscape. Under the cloudless moon the soldiers silently marched, and Paul Revere swiftly rode, galloping through Medford and West Cambridge, rousing every house as he went spurring for Lexington and Hancock and Adams, and evading the British patrols who had been sent out to stop the news.

Stop the news! Already the village churches were beginning to ring the alarm, as the pulpits beneath them had been ringing for many a year. In the awakening houses lights flashed from window to window. Drums beat faintly far away and on every side. Signal guns flashed and echoed. The watch-dogs barked, the cocks crew. Stop the news! Stop the sunrise! The murmuring night trembled with the summons so earnestly expected, so dreaded, so desired.

And as long ago the voice rang out at midnight along the Syrian shore wailing that great Pan was dead, but in the same moment the choiring angels whispered, — "Glory to God in the highest, for Christ is born!" so, if the stern alarm of that April night seemed to many a wistful and longing heart to portend the passing glory of the British dominion and the tragical chance of war, it whispered to them with prophetic inspiration, — "Good will to men, America is born!"

A SEA DIRGE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Full fathom five thy father lies:
  Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
  Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
  To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

This uncounted multitude before me, and around me, proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and, from the impulses of a common gratitude, turned reverently to heaven, in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where

we stand, a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations.

The society, whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that, for this object, no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking, than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought.

The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for His blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted; and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain, as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We

rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind.

We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection, from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests.

We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of

him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathes, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

— Scott.

WHAT MAKES A NATION?

W. D. Nesbit

What makes a nation? Bounding lines that lead
from shore to shore,
That trace its girth on silent hills or on the prairie
floor,
That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the fields
between —
The lines that stand about the land a barrier unseen?

Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that sweep
the seas,
The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the
breeze;
The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or
victor's song,
Or parchment screed, or storied deed, that makes a
nation strong?

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags
or guns?
Or is it that great common heart which beats in all
her sons —

That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in one for all
Which sets the goal for every soul that hears his country's call?

This makes a nation great and strong and certain to endure,
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him sure;
Which makes him know there is no north or south or east or west,
But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the best.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Philip James Bailey.

OLD SILVER

SEWELL FORD

Down in the heart of the skyscraper district you will find a hook and ladder company known as the Gray Horse Truck.

Much like a big family is a fire company. It has seasons of good fortune, when there are neither sick leaves nor hospital cases to report; and it has periods of misfortune, when trouble and disaster stalk abruptly through the ranks. Gray Horse Truck company is no exception. Yet its longest mourning and most sincere was when it lost Old Silver.

Horses and men, Silver had seen them come and go. He had seen probationers rise step by step to battalion and deputy chiefs, win shields and promotion, or meet the sudden fate that is their lot. All that time Silver's name-board had swung over his old stall, and when the truck went out Silver was to be found in his old place on the left of the poles. Driver succeeded driver, but one and all they found Silver first under the harness when a station hit, first to jump forward when the big doors rolled back, and always as ready to do

his bit on a long run as he was to demand his four quarts when feeding time came.

As for the education of Silver, its scope and completeness, no outsider would have given credence to the half of it. When Lannigan had driven the truck for three years, and had been cronies with Silver for nearly five, it was his habit to say, wonderingly: —

"He beats me, Old Silver does. I learn some new wrinkle of his every day. No; it's no use to tell his tricks; you wouldn't believe, nor would I, if I hadn't seen with my two eyes."

Other things besides mischief, however, had Silver learned. Chief of these was to start with the jigger. Sleeping or waking, lying or standing, the summons that stirred the men from snoring ease to tense, rapid action, never failed to find Silver alert. As the halter shank slipped through the bit-ring that same instant found Silver gathered for the rush through the long, narrow lane leading from his open stall to the poles, above which, like great couchant spiders, waited the harnesses on the hanger-rods. It was unwise to be in Silver's way when that little brazen voice was summoning him to duty.

Once under the harness Silver was like a carved statue until the trip strap had been pulled, the collar fastened, and the reins snapped in. Then he wanted

to poke the poles through the doors, so eager was he to be off.

With the first strain at the traces his impatience died out. A sixty-foot truck starts with more or less reluctance. Besides, Silver knew that before anything like speed could be made it was necessary either to mount the grade to Broadway or to ease the machine down to Greenwich Street. It was traces or backing straps for all that was in you, and at the end a sharp turn which never could have been made had not the tiller-man done his part with the rear wheels.

But when once the tires caught the car-tracks Silver knew what to expect. At the turn he and his team mates could feel Lannigan gathering in the reins as though for a full stop. At the same moment Lannigan leaned far forward and shot out his driving arm. The reins went loose, their heads went forward and, as if moving on a pivot, the three leaped as one horse. Again the reins tightened for a second, again they were loosened. When the bits were pulled back up came three heads, up came three pairs of shoulders and up came three pairs of forelegs; for at the other end of the lines, gripped vice-like in Lannigan's big fist, was swinging a good part of Lannigan's one hundred and ninety-eight pounds.

To Silver all other minor pleasures in life were as

nothing to the fierce joy he knew when, with a dozen men clinging to the hand-rails, the captain pulling the bell-rope, and Lannigan, far up above them all, swaying on the lines, the Gray Horse Truck swept up Broadway to a first call-box.

It was like trotting to music, if you've ever done that. Possibly you could have discovered no harmony at all in the confused roar of the apparatus as it thundered past. But to the ears of Silver there were many sounds blended into one. There were the rhythmical beat of hoofs, the low undertone of the wheels grinding the pavement, the high note of the forged steel lock-opener as it hammered the foot-board, the mellow ding-dong of the bell, the creak of the forty and fifty-foot extensions, the rattle of the iron-shod hooks, the rat-tat-tat of the scaling ladders on the bridge, and the muffled drumming of the leather helmets as they jumped in the basket.

With the increasing speed all these sounds rose in pitch until, when the team was at full swing, they became one vibrant theme, — thrilling, inspiring, exultant, — the action song of the truck.

Of course it all ended when, with heaving flanks and snorting nostrils you stopped before a building, where thin curls of smoke escaped from upper windows. Then you watched your men snatch the great ladders from the

truck, heave them up against the walls, and bring down pale-faced, staring-eyed men and women. You saw them tear open iron shutters, batter down doors, smash windows, and do other things to make a path for the writhing, white-bodied, yellow-nosed snakes that uncoiled from the engine and were carried wriggling in where the flames lapped along baseboard and floor-beams. You saw the little ripples of smoke swell into huge, cream-edged billows that tumbled out and up so far above that you lost sight of them.

And after it was all over the ladders were reshipped, you left the purring engines to drown out the last hidden spark, and you went prancing back to your House, where the lonesome desk-man waited patiently for your return.

No loping rush was the homeward trip. The need for haste had passed. Now came the parade. You might toss your head, arch your neck, and use all your fancy steps; Lannigan didn't care. In fact, he rather liked to have you show off a bit. The men on the truck, smutty of face and hands, joked across the ladders. The strain was over. It was a time of relaxing, for behind was duty well done.

After unhooking there was the rubbing and the extra feeding of oats that always follows a long run. How good it was to be bedded down after this lung-stretching, leg-limbering work!

Such was the life which Old Silver was leading when there arrived disaster. It came in the shape of a milk leg.

Industriously did Lannigan apply such simple remedies as he had at hand. Yet the swelling increased until from pastern to hock was neither shape nor grace. Worst of all, in getting on his feet one morning, Silver barked the skin with a rap from his toe calks. Then it did look bad. Of course this had to happen just before the veterinary inspector's monthly visit.

"Old Silver, eh?" said he. "Well, I've been looking for him to give out. That's a bad leg there, a very bad leg. Send him up to the hospital in the morning, and I'll have another gray down here. It's time you had a new horse in his place."

Lannigan stepped forward to protest. It was only a milk leg. He had cured such before. He could cure this one. Besides, he couldn't spare Silver, the best horse on his team.

But the inspector often heard such pleas.

"What do you care so long as you get another gray?"

Very much did Lannigan care, but he found difficulty in putting his sentiments into words. Besides, of what use was it to talk to a man who could say that one gray horse was as good as another. Hence, Lannigan only looked sheepish and kept his tongue between his teeth until the

door closed behind the inspector. Then he banged a ham-like fist into a broad palm and relieved his feelings in language. This failed to mend matters, so Lannigan, putting an arm around the old gray's neck, told Silver all about it. Probably Silver misunderstood, for he responded by reaching over Lannigan's shoulder and chewing the big man's leather belt. Only when Lannigan fed to him six red apples and an extra quart of oats did Silver mistrust that something unusual was going to happen. Next morning, sure enough, it did happen.

Some say Lannigan wept. As to that none might be sure, for he sat facing the wall in a corner of the bunk room. Below they were leading Old Silver away to the hospital, where, after less than a week's stay, he was cast into oblivion. They took away the leaden number medal, which for more than ten years he had worn on a strap around his neck, and they turned him over to the Street Cleaning Department. There was no delay about his initiation. Into his forehoofs they branded this shameful inscription: D. S. C. 937, on his back they flung a forty-pound single harness with a dirty piece of canvas as a blanket. They hooked him to an iron dump-cart, and haled him forth at 5:30 A.M. to begin the inglorious work of removing refuse from the city streets.

Perhaps you think Old Silver could not feel the disgrace, the ignominy of it all. Could you have seen the lowered

head, the limp-hung tail, the dulled eyes, and the dispirited sag of his quarters, you would have thought differently.

For three months Silver had pulled that hateful refuse chariot about the streets, thankful only that he traversed a section of the city new to him. Then one day he was sent out with a new driver whose route lay along familiar ways. The thing Silver dreaded, that which he had long feared, did not happen for more than a week after the change.

It came early one morning. He had been backed up in front of a big office building where a dozen bulky cans cumbered the sidewalk. The driver was just lifting one of them to the tail-board when, from far down the street, there reached Silver's ears a well-known sound. Nearer it swept, louder and louder it swelled.

In a moment the noise and its cause were opposite. Old Silver hardly needed to glance before knowing the truth. It was his old company, the Gray Horse Truck. There was his old driver, there were his old team mates. In a flash there passed from Silver's mind all memory of his humble condition, his wretched state. Tossing his head and giving his tail a switch, he leaped toward the apparatus, nearly upsetting the filled ash-can over the head and shoulders of the bewildered driver.

By a supreme effort Silver dropped into the old lope. A dozen bounds took him abreast the nigh horse, and, in

spite of Lannigan's shouts, there he stuck, littering the newly swept pavement most disgracefully at every jump. Thus strangely accompanied, the Gray Horse Truck thundered up Broadway for ten blocks, and when it stopped, before a building in which a careless watchman's lantern had set off the automatic, Old Silver was part of the procession.

It was Lannigan who, in the midst of an eloquent flow of indignant abuse, made this announcement: "Why, boys — it's — it's our Old Silver!"

Each member of the crew having expressed his astonishment in appropriate words, Lannigan tried to sum it all up by saying: —

"Silver, you old sinner! So they've put you in an ash-cart, have they? Well, I'll — I'll ——"

But there speech failed him. His wits did not. There was a whispered council of war. Lannigan made a daring proposal, at which all grinned appreciatively.

"They'd never find out," said one.

"And see, his leg's almost as good as new again," suggested another.

It was an unheard-of proceeding; one which the rules and regulations of the Fire Department never anticipated. Meanwhile the Captain found it necessary to inspect the interior of the building, the Lieutenant turned his back, and the thing was done.

That same evening an ill-tempered and very dirty ash-cart driver turned up at the stables with a different horse from the one he had driven out that morning, much to the mystification of himself and certain officials of the Department of Street Cleaning.

Also, there pranced back as nigh horse of the truck a big gray with one slightly swollen hind leg. By the way he held his head, by the look in his big, bright eyes, and by his fancy stepping one might have thought him glad to be where he was. And it was so. As for the rest, Lannigan will tell you in strict confidence that the best mode of disguising hoof-brands until they are effaced by new growth is to fill them with axle-grease. It can not be detected.

Should you ever chance to see, swinging up lower Broadway, a hook and ladder truck drawn by three big grays jumping in perfect unison, note especially the nigh horse — that's the one on the left side looking forward. It will be Old Silver who, although now rising sixteen, seems to be good for at least another four years of active service.

DYING IN HARNESS

John Boyle O'Reilly

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over; no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head,
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load, waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in the harness, died in the shafts and straps,

Fell, and the burden killed him: one of the day's mishaps;
One of the passing wonders marking the city road,
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
What is the symbol? Only death; why should we cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy street
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?
Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?
The seed on the rock is wasted — on heedless hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose — labor and sleep — and then —
Then for the prize! — A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread —
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness — dead.

FRANKLIN EPIGRAMS

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

Sloth makes all things difficult; industry, easy.

It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

A little neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR

THOMAS MALORY

"Ah, Sir Launcelot," said King Arthur, "this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine warned me in my dream." Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting, the king swooned, and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast.

And when King Arthur came to himself again he beheld Sir Lucan how he lay foaming at the mouth. "Alas," said the king, "this is unto me a full heavy sight to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul." Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother.

"Leave this mourning and weeping," said the king, "for all this will not avail me: for, wit thou well, and I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would

grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast," said the king. "Therefore take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder waterside; when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest."

"My lord," said Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again."

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones. And then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water.

"What saw thou there?" said the king.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the king; "therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear; spare not, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and

shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment."

"What saw you there?" said the king.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan."

"Ah! traitor," said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead."

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the waterside, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the king and told

him what he saw. "Alas!" said the king, "help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long."

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that waterside. And when they were at the waterside, even fast by the bank hove a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen; and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the King; and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they sat him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, "Ah! dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas! this wound on your head hath caught over much cold." And so then they rowed from the land; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him.

Then Sir Bedivere cried, "Ah! my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul."

But evermore the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

— Alfred Tennyson.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies; —
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

— Alfred Tennyson.

THE HAPPY LIFE

Charles William Eliot

I turn now to see the satisfaction which comes from physical exertion, including brain work. Everybody knows some form of activity which gives him satisfaction. Perhaps it is riding on a horse, or rowing a boat, or tramping all day through woods or along beaches with a gun on the shoulder, or climbing a mountain, or massing into a ball or bloom a paste of sticky iron in a puddling furnace, or wrestling with the handles of a plunging, staggering plough, or tugging at a boat's tiller when the breeze is fresh, or getting in hay before the shower.

There is real pleasure and exhilaration in bodily exertion, particularly with companionship (of men or animals) and competition. There is pleasure in the exertion even when it is pushed to the point of fatigue, as many a sportsman knows, and this pleasure is, in good measure, independent of the attainment of any practical end. There is pleasure in mere struggle, so it be not hopeless, and in overcoming resistance, obstacles, and hardships.

When to the pleasure of exertion is added the satisfaction of producing a new value, and the further satisfaction of earning a livelihood through that new value, we have the common pleasurable conditions of productive labor.

Every working man who is worth his salt, I care not whether he works with his hands and brains, or with his brains alone, takes satisfaction first in the working; secondly, in the product of his work; and thirdly, in what that product yields to him. The carpenter who takes no pleasure in the mantel he has made, the farm laborer who does not care for the crops he has cultivated, the weaver who takes no pride in the cloth he has woven, the engineer who takes no interest in the working of the engine he directs, is a monstrosity.

It is an objection to many forms of intellectual labor that their immediate product is intangible and often imperceptible. The fruit of mental labor is often diffused, remote, or subtile. It eludes measurement, and even observation. On the other hand, mental labor is more enjoyable than manual labor in the process. The essence of the joy lies in the doing, rather than in the result of the doing. There is a lifelong and solid satisfaction in any productive labor, manual or mental, which is not pushed beyond the limit of strength.

The difference between the various occupations of man in respect to yielding this satisfaction is much less than people suppose; for occupations become habitual in time, and the daily work of every calling gets to be so familiar that it may fairly be called monotonous. My occupation, for instance, offers, I believe, more variety than that of

most professional men; yet I should say that nine-tenths of my work, from day to day, was routine work, presenting no more novelty, or fresh interest, to me than the work of a carpenter or blacksmith who is always making new things on old types presents to him.

The Oriental, hot climate figment that labor is a curse is contradicted by the experience of all progressive nations. The Teutonic stock owes everything that is great and inspiring in its destiny to its faculty of overcoming difficulties by hard work, and of taking heartfelt satisfaction in this victorious work. It is not the dawdlers and triflers who find life worth living; it is the steady, strenuous, robust workers.

Once, when I was talking with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes about the best pleasures in life, he mentioned, as one of the most precious, frequent contact with quick and well-stored minds in large variety; he valued highly the number, frequency, and variety of quickening, intellectual encounters. We were thinking of contact in conversation; but this pleasure, if only to be procured by personal meetings, would obviously be within the reach, as a rule, of only a very limited number of persons.

Fortunately for us and for posterity, the cheap printing-press has put within easy reach of every man who can read all the best minds both of the past and the present. For one-tenth part of a year's wages a young mechanic

can buy, before he marries, a library of famous books which, if he masters, will make him a well-read man. For half-a-day's wages a clerk can provide himself with a weekly paper which will keep him informed for a year of all important current events. Public libraries, circulating libraries, school libraries, and book clubs nowadays bring much reading to the door of every household and every solitary creature that wants to read.

This is a new privilege for the mass of mankind; and it is an inexhaustible source of intellectual and spiritual nutriment. It seems as if this new privilege alone must alter the whole aspect of society in a few generations. Books are the quietest and most constant of friends; they are the most accessible and wisest of counsellors, and the most patient of teachers. With his daily work and his books, many a man, whom the world thought forlorn, has found life worth living.

It is a mistake to suppose that a great deal of leisure is necessary for this happy intercourse with books. Ten minutes a day devoted affectionately to good books — indeed to one book of the first order, like the English Bible or Shakespeare, or two or three books of the second order, like Homer, Virgil, Milton, or Bacon — will in thirty years make all the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated man, between a man mentally rich and a man mentally poor.

SPRING IN KENTUCKY

JOHN FOX, JR.

Spring in the Blue-grass! The earth — spiritual as it never is except under new-fallen snow — in the first shy green. The leaves, a floating mist of green, so buoyant that, if loosed, they must, it seemed, have floated upward — never to know the blight of frost or the droop of age. The air, rich with the smell of new earth and sprouting grass, the long, low skies newly washed, and, through radiant distances, clouds light as thistle-down and white as snow.

And the birds! Wrens in the hedges, sparrows by the wayside and on fence-rails, starlings poised over meadows brilliant with glistening dew, larks in the pastures — all singing as they sang at the first dawn, and the mood of nature that perfect blending of earth and heaven that is given her children but rarely to know. It was good to be alive at the breaking of such a day — good to be young and strong, and eager and unafraid, when the nation called for its young men and red Mars was the morning star.

It was growing dusk outside. Chickens were going to roost with a great chattering in some locust trees in one corner of the yard. An aged darkey was swinging an axe at the woodpile, and two little pickaninnies were gathering a basket of chips. Already the air was filled with the twilight sounds of the farm — the lowing of cattle, the bleating of calves at the cowpens, the bleat of sheep from the woods, and the nicker of horses in the barn.

The locust trees were quiet now, and the barn was still except for the occasional stamp of a horse in his stall or the squeak of a pig that was pushed out of his warm place by a stronger brother. The night noises were strong and clear — the cricket in the grass, the croaking frogs from the pool, the whir of a night-hawk's wings along the edge of the yard, the persistent wail of a whip-poor-will sitting lengthwise of a willow limb over the meadow branch, the occasional sleepy caw of crows from their roost in the woods beyond, the bark of a house-dog at a neighbor's home across the fields, and, farther still, the fine high yell of a fox hunter and the faint answering yelp of a hound.

COLUMBUS

Joaquin Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind, the Gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
  "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day,
  My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you may say, at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:

"Why, now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
He curls his lips, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth as if to bite;
Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped like a leaping sword,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! and then a speck,
"A light! A light! A light! A light!"
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

INDIAN CHARACTER

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Some races of men seem moulded in wax, soft and melting, at once plastic and feeble. Some races, like some metals, combine the greatest flexibility with the greatest strength. But the Indian is hewn out of a rock. You can rarely change the form without destruction to the substance. The stern, unchanging features of his mind excite our admiration from their very immutability; and we look with deep interest on the fate of this irreclaimable son of the wilderness. And our interest increases when we discern in the unhappy wanderer the germs of heroic virtues mingled among his vices, — a hand bountiful to bestow as it is rapacious to seize, and even in extremest famine imparting its last morsel to a fellow-sufferer; a heart which, strong in friendship as in hate, thinks it not too much to lay down life for its chosen comrade; a soul true to its own idea of honor, and burning with an unquenchable thirst for greatness and renown.

OUR NATION'S CROWN

BENJAMIN HARRISON

No other people have a government more worthy of their respect and love, or a land so magnificent to look upon, and so full of generous suggestion to enterprise and labor. God has placed upon our head a diadem, and has laid at our feet power and wealth beyond definition or calculation. But we must not forget that we take these gifts upon the condition that justice and mercy shall hold the reins of power, and that the upward avenues of hope shall be free to all the people.

I do not mistrust the future. Dangers have been in frequent ambush along our path, but we have uncovered and vanquished them all. Passion has swept some of our communities, but only to give us a new demonstration that the great body of our people are stable, patriotic, and law-abiding. The peaceful agencies of commerce are more fully revealing the necessary unity of all our communities, and the increasing intercourse of our people is promoting mutual respect.

We shall find unalloyed pleasure in the revelation which our census will make of the swift development of the great resources of some of the States. Each State will bring its generous contribution to the great aggregate of the nation's increase. And when the harvests from the fields, the cattle from the hills, and the ores from the earth shall have been weighed, counted, and valued, we will turn from them all to crown with the highest honor the State that has most promoted education, virtue, justice, and patriotism among its people.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

ROBERT BROWNING

Nobly, nobly, Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest Northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?" — say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

OUR NATIONAL BANNER

EDWARD EVERETT

All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave first in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the intented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Wheresoever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may Freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar.

Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart.

First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across a mighty continent, and floating in triumph on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace forever follow where it leads.

GOD SAVE THE FLAG

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it.
Emblem of justice and mercy to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!

SUNDAY IN CENTRAL PARK

Brander Matthews

It was the last Sunday in September, and the blue sky arched above the Park, clear, cloudless, unfathomable. The afternoon sun was hot, and high overhead. Now and then a wandering breeze came without warning and lingered only for a moment, fluttering the broad leaves of the aquatic plants in the fountain below the Terrace. At the Casino, on the hill above the Mall, men and women were eating and drinking, some of them inside the dingy and sprawling building, and some of them outdoors at little tables set in curving lines under the gayly colored awnings, which covered the broad walk bending away from the door of the restaurant.

From the bandstand in the thick of the throng below came the brassy staccato of a cornet, rendering "The Last Rose of Summer." Even the Ramble was full of people; and the young couples, seeking sequestered nooks under the russet trees, were often forced to share their benches with strangers. Beneath the reddening maples lonely men

lounged on the grass by themselves, or sat solitary and silent in the midst of chattering family groups.

The crowd was cosmopolitan and unhurried. For the most part it was good-natured and well-to-do. There was not a beggar to be seen; there was no appealing poverty. Fathers of families there were in abundance, well-fed and well-clad, with their wives and with their sons' wives and with their sons' children. Maids in black dresses and white aprons pushed baby carriages. Young girls in groups of three and four giggled and gossiped. There was a general air of prosperity gladly displaying itself in the sunshine; the misery and the want and the despair of the great city were left behind and thrust out of mind.

Two or three yards after a portly German with a little boy holding each of his hands, while a third son still younger rode ahead astride of his father's solid cane, there came two slim Japanese gentlemen, small and sallow, in their neatly cut coats and trousers. A knot of laughing mulatto-girls followed arm in arm; they, too, seemed ill-dressed in the accepted costume of civilization, especially when contrasted with half a dozen Italians who passed slowly, looking about them with curious glances; the men in worn olive velveteens and with gold rings in their ears, the women with bright colors in their skirts and with embroidery on their neckerchiefs.

Where the foot-path touched the carriage drive there

stood a plain but comfortably plump woman, perhaps thirty years of age; she had a baby in her arms, and a little girl of scant three held fast to her patched calico dress; with her left hand she was proffering a basket containing apples, bananas, and grapes; two other children, both under six, played about her skirts; and two more, a boy and a girl, kept within sight of her — the girl, about ten years old, having a basket of her own filled with thin round brown cakes; and a boy, certainly not yet thirteen, holding out a wooden box packed with rolls of lozenges, put up in red and yellow and green papers. Now and again the mother or one of the children made a sale to a pedestrian on his way to the music. The younger children watched, with noisy glee, the light leaps of a gray squirrel bounding along over the grass behind the path and balancing himself with his horizontal tail.

The broad carriage drive was as crowded as any of the foot-paths. Bicyclists in white sweaters and black stockings toiled along in groups of three and four, bent forward over the bars of their machines. Park omnibuses heavily laden with women and children drew up for an instant before the Terrace, and then went on again to skirt the Lake. Old-fashioned and shabby landaus lumbered along with strangers from the hotels. Now and then there came in sight a hansom cab with a young couple framed in the front of it, or a jolting dog-cart, on the high seat

of which a British-looking young man was driving tandem. Here and there were other private carriages — coupés and phaëtons, for the most part, with once and again a four-in-hand coach rumbling heavily on the firmly packed road.

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

PROLOGUE

ROBERT BROWNING

Such a starved bank of moss
  Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
  Violets were born!

Sky — what a scowl of cloud
  Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
  Splendid, a star!

World — how it walled about
  Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
  That was thy face!

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR

A. Sewell

One night I had eaten my hay and was lying down in my straw fast asleep, when I was suddenly roused by the stable bell ringing very loud. I heard the door of John's house open, and his feet running up to the hall. He was back again in no time; he unlocked the stable door, and came in, calling out, "Wake up, Beauty! you must go well now, if ever you did;" and almost before I could think, he had got the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head. He just ran around for his coat, and then took me at a quick trot up to the hall door. The squire stood there, with a lamp in his hand.

"Now, John," he said, "ride for your life — that is, for your mistress's life; there is not a moment to lose. Give this note to Dr. White; give your horse a rest at the inn, and be back as soon as you can."

John said, "Yes, sir," and was on my back in a minute. The gardener who lived at the lodge had heard the bell ring, and was ready with the gate open, and away we went through the park, and through the village,

and down the hill till we came to the toll-gate. John called very loud and thumped on the door; the man was soon out and flung open the gate.

"Now," said John, "do you keep the gate open for the doctor; here's the money," and off we went again.

There was before us a long piece of level road by the riverside; John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best," and so I did; I wanted no whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground; I don't believe that my old grandfather, who won the race at Newmarket, could have gone faster. When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck. "Well done, Beauty! good old fellow," he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up, and I was off again as fast as before. The air was frosty, the moon was bright; it was very pleasant. We came through a village, then through a dark wood, then uphill, then downhill, till after an eight mile run we came to the town, through the streets and into the market-place. It was all quite still except the clatter of my feet on the stones — everybody was asleep. The church clock struck three as we drew up at Dr. White's door. John rang the bell twice, and then knocked at the door like thunder. A window was thrown up, and Dr. White, in his nightcap, put his head out and said, "What do you want?"

"Mrs. Gordon is very ill, sir; master wants you to go at once; he thinks she will die if you cannot get there. Here is a note."

"Wait," he said, "I will come."

He shut the window, and was soon at the door.

"The worst of it is," he said, "that my horse has been out all day and is quite done up; my son has just been sent for, and he has taken the other. What is to be done? Can I have your horse?"

"He has gone at a gallop nearly all the way, sir, and I was to give him a rest here; but I think my master would not be against it, if you think fit, sir."

"All right," he said, "I will soon be ready."

John stood by me and stroked my neck; I was very hot. The doctor came out with his riding-whip.

"You need not take that, sir," said John; "Black Beauty will go till he drops. Take care of him, sir, if you can; I should not like any harm to come to him."

"No, no, John," said the doctor, "I hope not;" and in a minute we had left John far behind.

I will not tell about our way back. The doctor was a heavier man than John, and not so good a rider; however, I did my very best. The man at the toll-gate had it open. When we came to the hill, the doctor drew me up. "Now, my good fellow," he said, "take some breath." I was glad he did, for I was nearly spent.

but that breathing helped me on, and soon we were in the park. Joe was at the lodge gate; my master was at the hall door, for he had heard us coming. He spoke not a word; the doctor went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable.

QUIET WORK

MATTHEW ARNOLD

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity —

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

ULYSSES

ALFRED TENNYSON

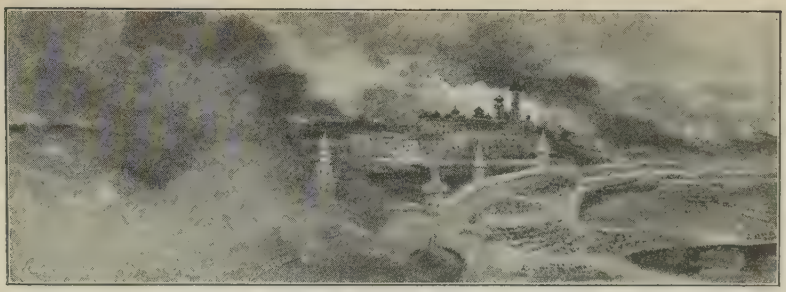
It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race
That hoard and sleep and feed and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades

Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
  There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners —
Souls that have toiled and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Let us be content in work
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.

—E. B. Browning.



THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

J. T. Headley

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle, the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire, the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames; the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowing with a red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin.

Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents; the strong, the weak; while thousands were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and closely packed city of houses, and churches, and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight the world will seldom see.

But this was within the city. To Napoleon, without, the scene was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing firebrands, now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration. Columns of flames would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air, as if volcanoes were

working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, again emerging into view, standing amid this scene of desolation and terror, like Virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements.

Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterward: "It was a spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flames, mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of flame above. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrible sight the world ever beheld!"

GLOUCESTER MOORS

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free,
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove,
Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove,
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

* * * * * *

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

"Sunnyside," Washington Irving's Home, at Tarrytown, N. Y.

RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

WASHINGTON IRVING

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. At the foot of these mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape.

In that same village, there lived many years since, while

the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a great favorite among all the good wives in the village. The children would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. He was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Rip had but one way of replying to all her lectures. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master. Times grew worse and worse with Rip as years rolled on.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For

some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from the distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still, evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time, Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion:

a cloth jerkin strapped around the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load.

Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they

suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the

rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down

it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made a shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of

people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been.

Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked

pole, with something on top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag of stars and stripes. All this was strange. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, but the red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and

drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for and whom he was seeking. The poor man assured them that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors. "Well, — who are they? — name

them." Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point! — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else; that's me, yonder, — no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed; and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" he asked.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it is twenty years since he went away from home with his

gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! — Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor."

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as but one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon

which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of his story, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point in which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE*

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

At eleven o'clock on the morning of November 19, 1863, a vast, silent multitude billowed, like the waves of the sea, over what had been not long before the battle-field of Gettysburg. There were wounded soldiers there who had beaten their way four months before through a singing fire across those quiet fields, who had seen the men die who were buried here; there were troops, grave and responsible, who must soon go again into battle; there were the rank and file of an everyday American gathering in surging thousands; and above them all, on the open-air platform, there were the leaders of the land, the pilots who to-day lifted a hand from the wheel of the ship of state to salute the memory of those gone down in the storm. Most of the men in that group of honor are now passed over to the majority, but their names are not dead in American history - great ghosts who walk still in the annals of their country, their flesh-and-blood faces were turned attentively that bright, still November afternoon

* From "The Perfect Tribute," a story combining actual and imaginary incidents connected with the Gettysburg Address, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Copyright, 1906, 1909, by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

toward the orator of the day, whose voice held the audience.

For two hours Everett spoke, and the throng listened untired, fascinated by the dignity of his high-bred look and manner almost as much, perhaps, as by the speech which has taken a place in literature. As he had been expected to speak, he spoke — of the great battle, of the causes of the war, of the results to come after. It was an oration which missed no shade of expression, no reach of grasp.

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At last, as the ex-Governor of Massachusetts, the ex-Ambassador to England, the ex-Secretary of State, the ex-Senator of the United States — handsome, distinguished, graceful, sure of voice and of movement — took his seat, a tall, gaunt figure detached itself from the group on the platform and slouched slowly across the open space and stood facing the audience. A stir and a whisper brushed over the field of humanity, as if a breeze had rippled a monstrous bed of poppies. This was President Lincoln.

A quivering silence settled down, and every eye was wide to watch this strange, disappointing appearance, every ear alert to catch the first sound of his voice. Suddenly the voice came, in a queer, squeaking falsetto. The effect on the audience was irrepressible, ghastly. After Everett's deep tones, after the strain of expectancy, this extraordi-

nary, gaunt apparition, this high, thin sound from the huge body, were too much for the American crowd's sense of humor, always stronger than its sense of reverence.

A suppressed yet unmistakable titter caught the throng, ran through it, and was gone. Yet no one who knew the President's face could doubt that he had heard it and had understood. Calmly enough, after a pause almost too slight to be recognized, he went on, and in a dozen words his tones had gathered volume, he had come to his power and dignity. There was no smile now on any face of those who listened. People stopped breathing rather, as if they feared to miss an inflection. A loose-hung figure, six feet four inches high, he towered above them, conscious of, and quietly ignoring, the bad first impression, unconscious of a charm of personality which reversed that impression within a sentence. That these were his people, was his only thought. He had something to say to them; what did it matter about him or his voice?

"Fourscore and seven years ago," spoke the President, "our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting-place for those

who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

There was no sound from the silent vast assembly. The President's large figure stood before them, at first inspired, glorified with the thrill and swing of his words, lapsing slowly in the stillness into lax, ungraceful lines. He stared at them a moment with sad eyes full of gentleness, of resignation, and in the deep quiet they stared at him. Not a hand was lifted in applause. Slowly the big, awkward man slouched back across the platform and sank

into his seat, and yet there was no sound of approval, of recognition from the audience — only a long sigh ran like a ripple on an ocean through rank after rank. In Lincoln's heart a throb of pain answered it. His speech had been, as he feared it would be, a failure. As he gazed steadily at these his countrymen who would not give him even a little perfunctory applause for his best effort, he knew that the disappointment of it cut into his soul. And then he was aware that there was music, the choir was singing a dirge; his part was done, and his part had failed.

When the ceremonies were over, Everett at once found the President. "Mr. President," he began, "your speech —," but Lincoln had interrupted, flashing a kindly smile down at him, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"We'll manage not to talk about my speech, Mr. Everett," he said. "This isn't the first time I've felt that my dignity ought not to permit me to be a public speaker."

He went on in a few cordial sentences to pay tribute to the orator of the occasion. Everett listened thoughtfully, and when the chief had done, "Mr. President," he said simply, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

But Lincoln shook his head and laughed, and turned to speak to a newcomer with no change of opinion — he was apt to trust his own judgments.

The special train which left Gettysburg immediately after the solemnities on the battle-field cemetery brought the President's party into Washington during the night. There was no rest for the man at the wheel of the nation next day, but rather added work, until, at about four in the afternoon, he felt sorely in need of air and went out from the White House alone, for a walk.

* * * * * *

His long strides had carried him into the outskirts of the city, and suddenly, at a corner, from behind a hedge, a young boy of fifteen years or so came rushing toward him and tripped and stumbled against him, and Lincoln kept him from falling with a quick, vigorous arm. The lad righted himself and tossed back his thick, light hair and stared haughtily, and the President, regarding him, saw that his blue eyes were blind with tears.

"Do you want all of the public highway? Can't a gentleman from the South even walk the streets without — without —" and the broken sentence ended in a sob.

The anger and the insolence of the lad were nothing to the man who towered above him — to that broad mind this was but a child in trouble. "My boy, the fellow that's interfering with your walking is down inside of you," he said gently, and with that the astonished youngster opened his wet eyes wide and laughed — a choking, childish laugh that pulled at the other man's heartstrings.

"That's better, sonny," he said, and patted the slim shoulder. "Now tell me what's wrong with the world. Maybe I might help straighten it."

"Wrong, wrong!" the child raved; "everything's wrong," and launched into a mad tirade against the government, from the President down.

Lincoln listened patiently, and when the lad paused for breath, "Go ahead," he said good-naturedly. "Every little helps."

With that the youngster was silent and drew himself up with stiff dignity, offended yet fascinated; unable to tear himself away from this strange giant who was so insultingly kind under his abuse, who yet inspired him with such a sense of trust and of hope.

"I want a lawyer," he said impulsively, looking up anxiously into the deep-lined face inches above him. "I don't know where to find a lawyer in this horrible city, and I must have one — I can't wait — it may be too late — I want a lawyer *now*," and once more he was in a fever of excitement.

"What do you want with a lawyer?" Again the calm, friendly tone quieted him.

"I want him to draw a will. My brother is —" He caught his breath with a gasp in a desperate effort for self-control. "They say he's — dying." He finished the sentence with a quiver in his voice, and the brave front

and the trembling, childish tone went to the man's heart. "I don't believe it — he can't be dying," the boy talked on, gathering courage. "But anyway, he wants to make a will, and — and I reckon — it may be that he — he must."

"I see," the other answered gravely, and the young, torn soul felt an unreasoning confidence that he had found a friend. "Where is your brother?"

"He's in the prison hospital there — in that big building," he pointed down the street. "He's captain in our army — in the Confederate army. He was wounded at Gettysburg."

"Oh!" The deep-set eyes gazed down at the fresh face, its muscles straining under grief and responsibility, with the gentlest, most fatherly pity. "I think I can manage your job, my boy," he said. "I used to practise law in a small way myself, and I'll be glad to draw the will for you."

The young fellow had whirled him around before he had finished the sentence. "Come," he said, "don't waste time talking — why didn't you tell me before?" and then he glanced up. He saw the ill-fitting clothes, the crag-like, rough-modelled head, the awkward carriage of the man; he was too young to know that what he felt beyond these was greatness.

* * * * * *

They had arrived at the prison. "I can get you through

all right. They all know me here," he spoke over his shoulder reassuringly to the President with a friendly glance. Dashing down the corridors in front, he did not see the guards salute the tall figure which followed him; too preoccupied to wonder at the ease of their entrance, he flew along through the big building, and behind him in large strides came his friend.

A young man — almost a boy, too — of twenty-three or twenty-four, his handsome face a white shadow, lay propped against the pillows, watching the door eagerly as they entered.

"Good boy, Warry," he greeted the little fellow; "you've got me a lawyer," and the pale features lighted with a smile of such radiance as seemed incongruous in this grewsome place. He held out his hand to the man who swung toward him, looming mountainous behind his brother's slight figure. "Thank you for coming," he said cordially, and in his tone was the same air of a *grand seigneur* as in the lad's. Suddenly a spasm of pain caught him, his head fell into the pillows, his muscles twisted, his arm about the neck of the kneeling boy tightened convulsively. Yet while the agony still held him, he was smiling again with gay courage. "It nearly blew me away," he whispered, his voice shaking, but his eyes bright with amusement. "We'd better get to work before one of those little breezes carries me too far.

There's pen and ink on the table, Mr. — my brother did not tell me your name."

"Your brother and I met informally," the other answered, setting the materials in order for writing. "He charged into me like a young steer," and the boy, out of his deep trouble, laughed delightedly. "My name is Lincoln."

The young officer regarded him. "That's a good name from your standpoint — you are, I take it, a Northerner?"

The deep eyes smiled whimsically. "I'm on that side of the fence. You may call me a Yankee, if you'd like."

"There's something about you, Mr. Lincoln," the young Georgian answered gravely, with a kindly and unconscious condescension, "which makes me wish to call you, if I may, a friend."

He had that happy instinct which shapes a sentence to fall on its smoothest surface, and the President, in whom the same instinct was strong, felt a quick comradeship with this enemy who, about to die, saluted him. He put out his great fist swiftly.

"Shake hands," he said. "Friends it is."

"'Till death us do part,'" said the officer, slowly, and smiled, and then threw back his head with a gesture like a boy's. "We must do the will," he said peremptorily.

"Yes, now we'll fix this will business, Captain Blair," the big man answered cheerfully. "When your mind's

relieved about your plunder, you can rest easier and get well faster."

The sweet, brilliant smile of the Southerner shone out, his arm drew the boy's shoulder closer, and the President, with a pang, knew that his friend knew that he must die.

With direct, condensed question and clear answer, the simple will was shortly drawn, and the impromptu lawyer rose to take his leave. But the wounded man put out his hand.

"Don't go yet," he pleaded, with the imperious, winning accent which was characteristic of both brothers. The sudden, radiant smile broke again over the face, young, drawn with suffering, prophetic of close death. "I like you," he brought out frankly. "I've never liked a stranger as much in such short order before."

His head, fair as the boy's, lay back on the pillows, locks of hair damp against the whiteness, the blue eyes shone like jewels from the colorless face, a weak arm stretched protectingly about the young brother who pressed against him. There was so much courage, so much helplessness, so much pathos in the picture that the President's great heart throbbed with a desire to comfort them.

"I want to talk to you about that man Lincoln, your namesake," the prisoner's deep, uncertain voice went on, trying pathetically to make conversation which might

interest, might hold, his guest. The man who stood hesitating, controlled a startled movement. "I'm Southern to the core of me, and I believe with my soul in the cause I've fought for, the cause I'm —," he stopped, and his hand caressed the boy's shoulder. "But that President of yours is a remarkable man. He's regarded as a red devil by most of us down home, you know," and he laughed; "but I've admired him all along. He's inspired by principle, not by animosity, in this fight; he's real and he's powerful and" — he lifted his head impetuously and his eyes flashed — "and, by Jove, have you read his speech of yesterday in the papers?"

Lincoln gave him an odd look. "No," he said, "I haven't."

"Sit down," Blair commanded. "Don't grudge a few minutes to a man in hard luck. I want to tell you about that speech. You're not so busy but that you ought to know."

"Well, yes," said Lincoln, "perhaps I ought." He took out his watch and made a quick mental calculation. "It's only a question of going without my dinner, and the boy is dying," he thought. "If I can give him a little pleasure, the dinner is a small matter." He spoke again. "It's the soldiers who are the busy men, not the lawyers, nowadays," he said. "I'll be delighted to spend a half hour with you, Captain Blair, if I won't tire you."

"That's good of you," the young officer said, and a king on his throne could not have been more gracious in a more lordly yet unconscious way. "By the way, this great man isn't any relation of yours, is he, Mr. Lincoln?"

"He's a kind of connection — through my grandfather," Lincoln acknowledged. "But I know just the sort of fellow he is — you can say what you want."

"What I want to say first is this: that he yesterday made one of the great speeches of history."

"What?" demanded Lincoln, staring.

"I know what I'm talking about." The young fellow brought his thin fist down on the bedclothes. "My father was a speaker — all my uncles and my grandfather were speakers. I've been brought up on oratory. I've studied and read the best models since I was a lad in knee-breeches. And I know a great speech when I see it. And when Nellie — my sister — brought in the paper this morning and read that to me, I told her at once that not six times since history began has a speech been made which was its equal. That was before she told me what the Senator said."

"What did the Senator say?" asked the quiet man who listened.

"It was Senator Warrington, to whom my sister is — is acting as secretary." The explanation was distasteful, but he went on, carried past the jog by the interest

of his story. "He was at Gettysburg yesterday, with the President's party. He told my sister that the speech so went home to the hearts of all those thousands of people that when it was ended it was as if the whole audience held its breath — there was not a hand lifted to applaud. One might as well applaud the Lord's Prayer — it would have been sacrilege. And they all felt it — down to the lowest. There was a long minute of reverent silence, no sound from all that great throng — it seems to me, an enemy, that it was the most perfect tribute that has ever been paid by any people to any orator."

The boy, lifting his hand from his brother's shoulder to mark the effect of his brother's words, saw with surprise that in the strange lawyer's eyes were tears. But the wounded man did not notice.

"It will live, that speech. Fifty years from now American schoolboys will be learning it as part of their education. It is not merely my opinion," he went on, "Warrington says the whole country is ringing with it. And you haven't read it? And your name's Lincoln? Warry, boy, where's the paper Nellie left? I'll read the speech to Mr. Lincoln myself."

The boy had sprung to his feet and across the room, and had lifted a folded newspaper from the table. "Let me read it, Carter — it might tire you."

The giant figure which had crouched, elbows on knees,

in the shadows by the narrow hospital cot, heaved itself slowly upward till it loomed at its full height in air. Lincoln turned his face toward the boy standing under the flickering gas-jet and reading with soft, sliding inflections the words which had for twenty-four hours been gall and wormwood to his memory. And as the sentences slipped from the lad's mouth, behold, a miracle happened, for the man who had written them knew that they were great. He knew then, as many a lesser one has known, that out of a little loving-kindness had come great joy; that he had wrested with gentleness a blessing from his enemy.

"'Fourscore and seven years ago,'" the fresh voice began, and the face of the dying man stood out white in the white pillows, sharp with eagerness, and the face of the President shone, as he listened as if to new words. The field of yesterday, the speech, the deep silence which followed it, — all were illuminated, as his mind went back, with new meaning. With the realization that the stillness had meant, not indifference, but perhaps, as this generous enemy had said, "The most perfect tribute ever paid by any people to any orator," there came to him a rush of glad strength to bear the burdens of the nation. The boy's tones ended clearly, deliberately: —

"'We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new

birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.'"

There was deep stillness in the hospital ward, as there had been stillness on the field of Gettysburg. The soldier's voice broke it. "It's a wonderful speech," he said. "There's nothing finer. Other men have spoken stirring words, for the North and for the South, but never before, I think, with the love of both breathing through them. It is only the greatest who can be a partisan without bitterness, and only such to-day may call himself not Northern or Southern, but American. To feel that your enemy can fight you to death without malice, with charity — it lifts country, it lifts humanity to something worth dying for. They are beautiful, broad words, and the sting of war would be drawn if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies. Do you agree with me?" he demanded abruptly, and Lincoln answered slowly, from a happy heart: —

"I believe it is a good speech," he said.

The impetuous Southerner went on: "Of course, it's all wrong from my point of view," and the gentleness of his look made the words charming. "The thought which underlies it is warped, inverted, as I look at it, yet that doesn't alter my admiration of the man and of his words. I'd like to put my hand in his before I die," he said, and a sudden, brilliant, sweet smile lit the

transparency of his face like a lamp; "and I'd like to tell him that I know that what we're all fighting for, the best of us, is the right of our country as it is given us to see it." He was laboring a bit with the words now as if he were tired, but he hushed the boy imperiously. "When a man gets so close to death's door that he feels the wind through it from a larger atmosphere, then the small things are blown away. The bitterness of the fight has faded for me. I only feel the love of country, the satisfaction of giving my life for it. The speech — that speech — has made it look higher and simpler — your side as well as ours. I would like to put my hand in Abraham Lincoln's — "

The clear, deep voice, with its hesitations, its catch of weakness, stopped short. Convulsively the hand shot out and caught at the great fingers that hung near him, pulling the President, with the strength of agony, to his knees by the cot. The prisoner was writhing in an attack of mortal pain, while he held, unknowing that he held it, the hand of his new friend in a torturing grip. The door of death had opened wide, and a stormy wind was carrying the bright, conquered spirit into that larger atmosphere of which he had spoken. Suddenly the struggle ceased, the unconscious head rested in the boy's arms, and the hand of the Southern soldier lay quiet, where he had wished to place it, in the hand of Abraham Lincoln.

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old —
  Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
  The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far called our navies melt away —
  On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen!

NOTES

Addison, Joseph (1672–1719). — Famous English poet, essayist, and statesman. Dr. Samuel Johnson once wrote, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." The sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley, the country gentleman, and his associates, are among the masterpieces of English literature.

Alcott, Louisa May (1832–1888). — American writer. Stories of hers which every girl should read are *Little Women* and *An Old-Fashioned Girl.*

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey (1836–1908). — An American poet, novelist, journalist, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1881–1890). He wrote many good stories; for example, *Marjorie Daw and Other People.* Our selection has been taken from the famous book for boys, *Story of a Bad Boy.*

Andrews, Mary Raymond Shipman. — A well-known American writer of short stories.

Browning, Robert (1812–1889). — A famous English poet. He wrote many beautiful songs and impressive dramas. He was the author of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin.*

Bryant, William Cullen (1794–1878). — A noted American poet and journalist. At the age of twenty he published the poem, *Thanatopsis.* Many of his poems deal with nature.

Bunyan, John (1628–1688). — His best-known work is *Pilgrim's Progress.* The book is simply and clearly written, so that young people as well as older people can find pleasure in it. For more than two and a quarter centuries this book has been, with the exception of the Bible, the most widely read book in the English language. It has been translated into almost every language of the world.

Burns, Robert (1759–1796). — A famous Scottish lyric poet; one of the most beloved writers of the world, because he portrayed the common experiences of his peasant life with humor and tender pathos. Besides the poem which we have printed, perhaps his most popular works are *Tam O'Shanter* and *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

Burroughs, John (1837–). — An American essayist. Mr. Burroughs has written with great sympathy about nature and animals. Some of his best books are *Wake-Robin, Winter Sunshine, Birds and Poets, Fresh Fields.*

Butterworth, Hezekiah (1839–1905). — American poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer.

Byron, Lord George Noel Gordon (1788–1824). — Celebrated English poet. His best-known long poem is *Childe Harold*, in four cantos, describing the travels through Europe of a fictitious hero. The third canto, the most popular, gives a vivid account of the battle of Waterloo. Lord Byron wrote also *The Prisoner of Chillon.*

Carlyle, Thomas (1795–1881). — English essayist, philosopher, historian. His *History of the French Revolution* is good literature and good history. He wrote also a *History of Frederick the Great.* His most widely read books are *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero Worship.*

Cervantes, Miguel de Saavedra (1547–1616). — Famous Spanish novelist, author of one of the great books of the world, *Don Quixote* (1605–1615). This country gentleman, Don Quixote, stirred by thrilling tales of chivalry, starts with his squire, Sancho Panza, in search of knightly adventure. Our selection pictures one of these and this is typical of many others equally amusing.

Church, Rev. Alfred John (1829–). — English teacher and author. Chiefly known for his writings on ancient history.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772–1834). — English poet. This selection has been taken from his most famous poem, *The Ancient Mariner*, which contains wonderful pictures of night and morning, of arctic and tropic seas.

Cooper, James Fenimore (1789–1851). — The first important American novelist, author of the famous Leather-Stocking Tales, namely, *Deerslayer*, *Last of the Mohicans*, *Pathfinder*, *Pioneers*, *Prairie.* Natty Bumppo, the hero of these stories, is a type of the hardy and courageous pioneers who first settled in our country. Our selection has been made from *The Spy*, Cooper's first great story and one of his most widely read books.

Curtis, George William (1824–1892). — Noted American orator, author, journalist, and editor of *Harper's Weekly.* He wrote a charming little story called *Prue and I.* Our selection is taken from the speech made at the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Lexington.

Dickens, Charles (1812–1870). — English novelist. Any boy or girl who does not know David and the story of his life in *David Copperfield*, Oliver in *Oliver Twist*, Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, or Tiny Tim in the *Christmas Carol*, is still to become acquainted with some of the best friends he will ever know. Dickens did a great deal for the schools and the school children of England. He gave in his books such word pictures of the harshness with which children were treated and taught in the schools that people were led to investigate and finally to provide better rooms and teachers.

Eggleston, Edward (1837–1902). — American novelist and historian. Eggleston is particularly an Indiana writer. His best known books are

The Hoosier Schoolmaster and *The Hoosier Schoolboy*. He wrote also a very popular *History of the United States*, and a series of historical studies on *The Beginners of a Nation*.

ELIOT, CHARLES WILLIAM (1834–). — A distinguished American educator, President of Harvard University from 1869–1909.

ELIOT, GEORGE (1819–1880). — The pen name of Mrs. Mary Ann Evans Cross, English novelist. Among young people *Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss* are very popular. In the latter book hot-headed, loving Maggie Tulliver grows up.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (1803–1882). — Famous American essayist and poet; one of our greatest thinkers. For many years he lectured on such subjects as *Culture*, *Human Life*, *Nature*, *Representative Men*, and aroused the young men of America to the importance of pure living and high thinking.

EVERETT, EDWARD (1794–1865). — American statesman, orator, and author. Successively editor of the *North American Review*, member of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, President of Harvard College, and Secretary of State.

FINCH, FRANCIS M. (1827–1907). — American poet.

FORD, SEWELL (1868–). — American journalist and miscellaneous writer.

FOX, JOHN, JR. — American novelist. His works treat especially of life in the mountain districts of Kentucky.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN (1706–1790). — Celebrated American philosopher, statesman, diplomatist, and author; founder of the University of Pennsylvania. His chief literary work is an *Autobiography*.

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON (1749–1832). — Famous German poet, dramatist, and prose writer. His greatest works are *Faust*, a drama, and *Wilhelm Meister*, a novel.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728–1774). — Famous English poet, novelist, and dramatist. His most popular poem is *The Deserted Village*, from which our poetic selection has been taken. His best-known story is *The Vicar of Wakefield*, an account of the interesting and amusing experiences of the Primrose family. Our selection describes an adventure of the improvident Moses Primrose. To Goldsmith is also attributed the well-known story, *Little Goody Two Shoes*.

GRADY, HENRY W. (1851–1889). — American journalist and orator, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. *The Homes of the People* is a speech which he delivered at Elberton, Ga., only a few months before he died.

Hale, Edward Everett (1822–1909).— American author, editor, and clergyman. One of our country's grand old men. He wrote many books for boys; such as *Philip Nolan's Friends* and the world-famous book, *The Man Without a Country*. Every child should read this book.

Harding, Samuel Bannister (1866–). — American writer on historical subjects. Professor of history in Indiana University.

Harrison, Benjamin (1833–1901). — Distinguished lawyer and statesman. President of the United States, 1889–1893.

Headley, Joel Tyler (1813–1897). — American writer on historical subjects. Author of *Napoleon and His Marshals*, and *Washington and His Generals*.

Hendricks, Thomas A. (1819–1885). — American statesman, United States Senator from Indiana, Governor of Indiana, and Vice-President.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert (1819–1881). — American author, journalist, and editor. He wrote several popular stories, containing pleasant pictures of New England. His best boy's book, *Arthur Bonnicastle*, is a story of Yankee life. Our selection is made from this book.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809–1894). — American poet, essayist, and novelist. He wrote many humorous and patriotic poems and a very popular book, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. After that he was often called *The Autocrat*.

Hugo, Victor Marie (1802–1885). — Famous French poet and novelist. His best work, from which *The Battle of Waterloo* is taken, is a long novel, *Les Misérables*, a story of a hero, Jean Valjean, in his attempt to lead a good life and his struggles against prejudice and wickedness.

Irving, Washington (1783–1859). — American historian, essayist, and short-story writer. The first great American author. Perhaps his most popular book is *The Sketch-Book*, which contains *Rip Van Winkle*, *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and many other interesting stories.

Jackson, Helen Hunt (1831–1885). — American poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer. Best known by her novel, *Ramona*, which deals with Indian life in California.

Jewett, Sarah Orne (1849–). — American writer, who writes especially stories of New England life.

Jonson, Ben (1573–1637). — Famous English dramatist, of the time of Shakespeare. His best plays are *Every Man in His Humor* and *The Alchemist*.

Keats, John (1795–1821). — Famous English poet. Though he was only twenty-six when he died, he left some of the most beautiful poems in the language.

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865–).—English poet and short-story writer. He has written extensively of India, describing Anglo-Indian military and civil life. Children especially like his *Jungle Books*.

LAMB, CHARLES (1775–1834).—Noted English essayist and humorist. He wrote the series of essays called *Essays of Elia*, which are filled with his personal likes and dislikes and reveal a loving and tender-hearted man. His affection for his sister Mary was especially beautiful. Together they wrote the *Tales from Shakespeare*, which have done much to interest boys and girls in Shakespeare's plays.

LANIER, SIDNEY (1842–1881).—American poet and critic, "the foremost singer of the South since Poe." He was passionately fond of music and wrote poems which sing melodiously of the live oaks with their "little green leaves," of the glimmering marsh, of the rising sun and the flooding sea. His best poems are *Corn*, *Ballad of the Trees and the Master*, *The Marshes of Glynn*, *Song of the Chattahooche*, and *Hymns of the Marshes*.

LARCOM, LUCY (1826–1893).—American poet; author of several volumes of poetry. Perhaps her best-known single poem is *Poor Lone Hannah*.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807–1882).—The best known and most beloved American poet. Of his long poems the best are *Evangeline*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Hiawatha*, and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Longfellow was for many years a professor in Harvard University.

LOTI, PIERRE (his real name is Louis Marie Julien Viaud) (1850–).—A famous French novelist. The scenes of his stories are laid in different countries of the world which he has visited as a naval officer.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819–1891).—American poet, essayist, scholar, diplomat; professor in Harvard University, editor of *Atlantic Monthly* and *North American Review*, ambassador to Spain and to Great Britain. His Odes are probably the greatest odes written by an American poet. Besides his *Vision of Sir Launfal*, and his humorous and patriotic *Biglow Papers*, Lowell wrote many interesting essays on great authors and great books.

MALORY, SIR THOMAS (about 1430–1470).—An Englishman. Author of the prose romance, *Morte d'Arthur*. Little is known of him.

MATTHEWS, BRANDER (1852–).—Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University. Author of *The Development of the Drama*, *Vignettes of Manhattan*, and of many magazine articles.

MILLER, JOAQUIN (1841–).—American poet, born in Indiana. Most of his poems deal with western frontier life.

MILTON, JOHN (1608–1674).—After Shakespeare the greatest of English poets. When he had finished his course at Cambridge University, he went to the little village of Horton, west of London, where, in the beautiful

country of woods, meadows, and streams, he wrote the famous poems, *L'Allegro* (the joyous man) and *Il Penseroso* (the meditative man). When he was about forty years old, he became totally blind and yet his fearless courage and industry never failed. He was almost sixty when he finished his greatest poem, *Paradise Lost.* Milton was a strong lover of liberty.

Moody, William Vaughn (1869–).—American poet and playwright, born in Indiana; for some years professor of English in the University of Chicago.

Muir, John (1836–).—An American naturalist, explorer, and writer. For many years Mr. Muir has lived in the Yosemite Valley or in Alaska or in Yellowstone Park, and has described in a most sympathetic manner the mountains and trees and life of these regions.

Murray-Aaron, Eugene (1852–).—American author, journalist, and editor. Chiefly known for his writings on natural history.

Nesbit, Wilbur Dick (1871–).—American journalist and poet, born in Indiana.

Nicholson, Meredith (1866–).—An Indiana poet and novelist. Mr. Nicholson's poetry is full of dignity and lofty feeling. His book, *The Hoosiers*, is the best account of the men and women of Indiana who have contributed to literature.

O'Reilly, John Boyle (1844–1890).—Irish-American journalist and poet. For some years editor-in-chief of the Boston *Pilot;* author of several volumes of poetry.

Parkman, Francis (1823–1893).—Eminent American historian. He chose for his subject the conflicts of the English, French, and Indians in America. *The California and Oregon Trail* is interesting to boys as well as to older persons. In all his books are vivid accounts of Indian fighting and thrilling adventure associated with our early frontier life.

Peabody, Josephine Preston.—One of the best known of living American writers of verse. Author of *The Singing Leaves.*

Riley, James Whitcomb (1853–).—One of the true poets of America, born in Indiana. Mr. Riley has described many odd characters of the farm or the small town, the simple drollness of childhood, the splendid sentiment of ripe manhood and old age. The world may well be grateful for the humor and pathos of true and inspired poets such as Mr. Riley.

Roche, James Jeffrey (1847–1908).—Irish-American journalist and poet. For some years editor of the Boston *Pilot.*

Scott, Sir Walter (1771–1832).—Scottish poet and novelist, who has made the stories and legends of Scotland known all over the world. Among his best poems, besides *Marmion*, are *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *The*

Lady of the Lake. Some of his novels are based on English history: *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman* on the times of Richard I; *Kenilworth*, on the reign of Elizabeth; *The Fortunes of Nigel*, on the reign of James I. Other novels, *Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, St. Ronan's Well*, have no historical basis.

Shakespeare, William (1564–1616). — The greatest English poet and dramatist, writer of comedies, tragedies, and historical plays.

Sharp, Dallas Lore (1870–). — American author and journalist; author of several books on out-door subjects.

Sill, Edward Rowland (1841–1887). — American poet; for some years professor of English language and literature in the University of California.

Southey, Robert (1774–1843). — English poet and prose-writer, a friend of Coleridge. He wrote the *Life of Nelson*, which is a model of simple and vivid biography. Our selection from this book pictures the closing moments of the great commander's life and one of the most dramatic incidents of English history.

Swift, Jonathan (1667–1745). — His best known work is *Gulliver's Travels*, in which he describes the experiences of Lemuel Gulliver, a ship's doctor, who is four times shipwrecked on unknown coasts. While describing the people, customs, and laws of these countries Swift shows how England and Englishmen fall short in comparison. The first voyage is to Lilliput, the land of the pygmies; the second is to Brobdingnag, the land of giants. In the third, Gulliver visits the land of Laputa, or the Flying Island, where the people study and know nothing but science. In the fourth he goes to the land of the Houyhnhnms, where horses are masters and men are servants.

Tennyson, Lord Alfred (1809–1892). — Famous English poet. In the *Idylls of the King* Tennyson tells the story of King Arthur and the Round Table. *In Memoriam* is a long poem in which Tennyson describes the grief he suffered at the death of his dearest friend, and how the grief was turned into peace when he realized that the parting was not forever. Tennyson wrote also a large number of short poems.

Thompson, Maurice (1844–1901). — An Indiana poet, journalist, novelist, and essayist. At one time editor of the New York *Independent*. His poetry shows close observation of nature. His novel, *Alice of Old Vincennes*, is an interesting story of the French period in Indiana closing with the surrender of Vincennes to Clark. Our selection is from *Stories of Indiana*, a series of interesting sketches of early Indiana life.

Thoreau, Henry David (1817–1862). — American writer, friend of Emerson. For two years he lived on the shore of Walden Pond, Concord,

gratifying his love of nature and putting into practice his ideas about economy and simplicity of living. Some of his best books are *Walden, A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers,* and *The Maine Woods.*

Timrod, Henry (1829–1867). — American poet, author of many war lyrics. He has written many poems that glow with love of the cotton fields of the South and with the sincere patriotism of a son of the Southland.

Van Dyke, Henry (1852–). — American poet, short-story writer, essayist, clergyman. His work is noted for its splendid style. He has written much of nature. Besides his poems, two of his best books are *Little Rivers* and *Fisherman's Luck.*

Warner, Charles Dudley (1829–1900). — American author, associate editor of *Harper's Magazine.* His essays and books of travel are delightful reading, full of humor, revealing a most genial and attractive personality. Every boy should read his *Being a Boy,* from which our extract is taken. He has written also *Backlog Studies, My Summer in a Garden, A Roundabout Journey.*

Webster, Daniel (1782–1852). — Perhaps the greatest American orator, famous for services as United States Senator from Massachusetts, for his debate with Hayne in 1830, and for many speeches on special occasions. Our selection has been taken from one of his greatest speeches, on the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1825.

Whitman, Walt (1819–1892). — American poet. He took a noble part in the Civil War, serving faithfully as an army nurse in the camps and hospitals about Washington. He greatly admired Abraham Lincoln and wrote *O Captain* in his honor. His poems are democratic and full of joy in life and nature.

Wordsworth, William (1770–1850). — One of the greatest English poets. He liked to write about nature, choosing such subjects as flowers, the cuckoo's voice, the hare, the noise of waters, the voices of the wind, the mountains, and simple, quiet country people. Some one has said that to read one of his poems is like spending a day in the country.

Wyss, Johann Rudolf (1781–1830). — A Swiss scholar and writer, best known as the author of *The Swiss Family Robinson,* one of the best boy's stories. The scene of the story is laid in a desert island about 1800.

INDIANA EDITION

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